

AWFUL TRAGEDY IN KENTUCKY

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD E. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRLS GIVE THE OFFICIALS AT ELLIS ISLAND A FREE EXHIBITION OF THEIR POWERS.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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## KENTUCKY ASSASSINS.

The story of a terrible tragedy comes from  
Union County, Ky. A young girl was mur-  
dered immediately after she had been made  
the wife of the man who had betrayed her.  
Her father was wounded and will probably die.

The details of the tragedy read like a chapter  
from a novel. The element of romance and  
the dramatic manner in which the parents  
brought about the wedding, make the story  
one of more than usual interest.

Abbie Oliver, the pretty daughter of a farmer,  
had a lover in Henry Delaney, a young drug  
clerk. The couple became intimate and finally  
the girl begged him to marry her to save her  
from disgrace. He refused. On the night of April  
5, Mrs. Oliver, armed with a revolver, and Far-  
mer Oliver with a Winchester, forced young De-  
laney into a carriage in which the daughter  
was seated, and the four drove 15 miles to  
Morgansville, where the marriage ceremony  
was performed in the carriage at 2 o'clock in  
the morning.

On the way home the wedding party was at-  
tacked by some friends of Delaney's. These  
ruffians opened fire on Farmer Oliver and the  
two women. The young bride was killed at the  
first fire, a bullet piercing her brain. Farmer  
Oliver, who was driving, was shot twice, and  
will probably die. The young husband jumped  
from the carriage and joined his friends. Mrs.  
Oliver, the plucky wife of the farmer, was alone  
unhurt. She had fired two shots from her re-  
volver at the assassins, and then taking her  
husband's place, ran the team at full speed  
down the road to a farmhouse. The alarm was  
given at once and the assassins have been ar-  
rested. While there is some talk of lynching, it  
is believed that the people will allow the mur-  
derers to be legally hanged.

## MASKS AND FACES.

Nettie Lyford Tells How She  
First Wore Tights.

## URQUHART'S SUPERB SHAPE.

Actresses who Pose as Artist's  
Models at Fancy Prices.

## SELLING FLOWERS AT BENEFITS.



MET pretty Nettie Lyford dodging in  
the stage entrance of the  
Madison Square Theatre  
recently, and she told  
me how she came to go  
on the stage.

"I was just sixteen  
when I became stage-  
struck," she said. "I was  
living with my mother  
just outside of Boston,  
but I often went to the  
city to stay with my  
aunt. She had a daugh-  
ter just my age, and

I discussed the matter with her so much that she, too,  
became stage struck.

"So one day we went down to the Boston Museum  
and applied for positions in the stock company. We  
were ushered on the stage where a rehearsal was going  
on, and the man-  
ager gathered the  
company around  
him and cured us  
for half an hour.

We thought he  
was in earnest. He  
wound up by bow-  
ling low and in-  
forming us that  
there was no va-  
cancy in the com-  
pany, and, laugh-  
ingly, offered us  
positions in the  
ballet of 'Djalma'  
at \$5 per week. Of  
course we could  
not listen to this,  
and went away

studio. She offered to lend him money, but her offer  
was indignantly refused.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said finally. "If you  
won't let me lend you money I'll pose for you. Come,  
get out your brushes and I'll give you as many sittings  
as you like. They say," she added, blushing, "that  
I have a pretty good figure. What shall it be? A Venus  
or a Diana?"

The action was suited to the word, and fifteen min-  
utes later the enthusiastic young artist was making a  
rapid charcoal sketch of her most perfect figure. At  
five o'clock Miss Urquhart carried off the artist to  
dine with her. Next morning she was down at the  
studio posing again. This programme was kept up  
for a month until the picture was finished. It made a  
sensation, sold immediately for \$2,000, and estab-  
lished the young artist's reputation so firmly that he  
is now one of the most prosperous painters.

I might add that Isabelle Urquhart was always in  
demand as an artist's model, but she is not the only  
one on the stage who added to her regular income by  
posing. Actors and actresses, by nature of their pro-  
fession, are able to assume various expressions of face  
which other models find it difficult, if not impossible,  
to reproduce. They have leisure in the afternoon,  
and find it lucrative as well as a pleasant task to  
while away a few hours before theatre-time in the  
studios.

One young woman in this city cannot be hired for  
less than \$5 an hour. She is a burlesque actress,  
and is blessed with a figure so perfect that she  
easily finds artists of the wealthier sort to pay this  
exorbitant price in order to have her pose for their  
nudes.

In addition to a form and limbs that are faultless,  
she has a great range of facial expressions, and can  
simulate any emotion necessary for the picture. This  
young creature is rapidly growing rich out of the ar-  
tists who employ her. She drives in her own coupe  
to the studios and lives in one of the finest apartment  
houses in town.

She takes a quiet interest in art, pays fancy prices  
for pictures painted of herself, and very often lends  
money to her artist friends when they are financially  
embarrassed. When a picture for which she has posed  
is in any of the exhibitions, she is always to be found  
there on reception days with some actress friends, and  
making no attempt to disguise the fact that she is  
proud of the symmetry of her figure.

I asked "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge the other day when  
she first began to sell flowers at benefits.  
"It was about eight years ago, I think.  
One afternoon Mr. Richard K. Fox sent to  
my house, asking me to go to the Academy

those I have mentioned, there have been Grace Filkins,  
Kenyon Bishop, Queenie Vassar, Celie Ellis, Anna  
Boyd, Josie Hall, Fannie Ward, Z. McTilbury, Lillian  
Russell, Clara Thropp, Dorothy Dorr, Lolie Fuller  
and many whose names slip my memory at this mo-  
ment.

"Although I have been officially very much in at-



WAITING TO GO ON.

tendance at most New York benefits of late years, I  
have really seen fewer benefit performances than  
most professional women have. For while other  
folks are enjoying the play, we flower people are  
chained like Casabiancas to the foyer and lobbies. My  
own benefit, therefore,  
was the first I have at-  
tended as a spectator for  
an age."

Two rival serpentine  
dancers met on Broadway  
recently and exchanged  
compliments after this  
fashion:

"How did you like my  
new dance?" said one.

"Very well," replied her  
friend. "It reminded me  
of that famous old patron  
saint of the art."

"You mean Terpsi-  
chore?"

"No, St. Vitus!"

## RODE HIM ON A RAIL.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION.]

William Fritz, a young  
man living in the village  
of Clare, Iowa, has for  
some time been urging  
his attentions on the  
pretty daughter of a well-  
to-do farmer near Fort  
Dodge. He was repeat-  
edly given to understand  
that his attentions were  
unwelcome, but he per-  
sisted. Fritz called one  
evening when the girl's  
parents were not at home.  
He had been drinking,  
and made himself espe-  
cially obnoxious. The girl  
ordered him out, but he  
refused to go. She then  
called her two sisters to  
her assistance, and the  
three girls tied the young  
man's arms and secured  
a stout rail. Fritz was  
perched on it, and while  
two of the girls carried  
the rail one held their

victim in position. He was given a free ride towards  
town, while all that saw the strange procession ap-  
plauded.

## SHOT AND KILLED HER ENEMY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Murder in the first degree" is the way the coroner's  
jury defines the killing of Mattie Moore by Alma  
Wooten in Atlanta, Ga. The shooting occurred at a  
dance on Thursday night, and the fatal shot was fired  
by a seventeen-year-old girl, Alma Wooten. The  
dance was a regular "breakdown." Alma Wooten was  
among the first to arrive, and asked if Mattie Moore  
had arrived, and when told that she had not, said that  
she was going to square an account with her.

She had in her pocket a pistol stolen from her broth-  
er, with which to kill the girl. As she now admits, she  
went to the dance expressly to shoot Mattie.

Alma was in the midst of a set when Mattie Moore  
entered. She left her partner on the floor and walked  
up to the girl.

"I want to see you just a minute," she said. "Come  
out here."

She was holding her hand behind her, and suddenly  
threw it up and shot Mattie in the abdomen. The  
wounded woman was taken home and everybody at  
the dance agreed to keep the matter from the police.

Alma Wooten remained in hiding while her victim  
continued to grow worse. On April 1 Mattie Moore  
died, and when Alma heard of it she gave herself up.  
She says that Mattie Moore told lies on her and she  
warned her that if she didn't quit she would kill her.  
She says, however, that she did not intend killing her  
when she fired the shot.

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ACTRESS POSING FOR ARTIST.

quite shocked. But on the way home we talked the  
matter over, and I determined that if we were going  
on the stage we must make a start, so we went back  
and accepted. My cousin dropped out after the first  
rehearsal—her brother had offered us each \$5 per  
week if we would give up the idea of becoming ac-  
tresses. She accepted the bribe. I refused it indig-  
nantly, but wanted to accept it, nevertheless.

"The first night I was almost frightened to death.  
My tights were a mile too big, and when the stage  
manager shouted to me across the stage to pull them  
up, I almost fainted. Two nights later I threw up my  
engagement. The manager, out of kindness, paid me  
for a full week. My mother never knew of this little  
escape, as I was stopping in town with my aunt, and  
she, dear soul, was too good to tell on me. But soon  
after that I secured an engagement, and when I in-  
formed mamma that I would leave the next day for  
Montreal—well, there was a scene."

That whilom Casino beauty, Isabel Urquhart, who  
was recently married in London, was known during  
her successful career in New York as one of the shape-  
liest women in the metropolis. She was, indeed, a  
creature of exquisite beauty and of perfect symmetry.  
She was as kind and considerate as she was charming,  
and always willing to lend assistance to struggling  
young men and women of promise who engaged in any  
of the professions.

There is at least one artist in New York who owes  
his success to Miss Urquhart. He had just returned  
from Paris, and was introduced to the comic opera  
divinity at dinner. He was a brilliant conversation-  
alist, and before the coffee was served Isabelle and  
he were firm friends.

Next day the gorgeous creature drove down to his

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of Music and try to sell some flowers at a Press Club  
benefit. I took Olga Brandon and Annie Robe, and  
we made the loose flowers into bouquets and sold  
them like hot cakes. That was the beginning.

"Since then, the McCaul benefit, where Sylvia Gor-  
rish, Sadie Martinot and Isabelle Urquhart were the  
star salesladies; the benefit for the 'allow fever suf-  
ferers, and that for the wretched thousands rendered



PRETTY ACTRESS SELLING FLOWERS AT FAIR.

homeless by the Johnstown floods; the various Press  
Clubs benefits, including one tendered to the blind  
journalist, Marvin Clarke, have all had flower-booths.

"A list of the girls who have sold posies on those  
occasions would be a list of all the pretty women on  
the stage. Let me see, besides the Gaiety girls and











## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Dr. Childs' Career as a "High-roller" Cut Short by Death.

DIVORCED AND DIDN'T KNOW

A Fifty-year-old Bride Elopes with a Dancing Master.

POLICEMEN ARE HER VICTIMS.

Dr. William H. Childs, a gay young man of Pittsburgh, Pa., was taken from the flat of Mrs. Olive Jardine, in the Dore, at No. 151 West Thirty-fifth street, in this city, late on the night of April 3, suffering from morphine poisoning. He died in the New York Hospital the next day. His body was taken to his home in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Jardine is a young woman, with big brown eyes, heavy curly black hair, and a clear complexion. She talked freely about her knowledge of Dr. Childs. "I met him last summer at Long Branch," she said. "He had just got back from South America. He was one of my best friends from the very first time I met him. He would come here whenever he felt like it and stay just as long as he pleased. It was a sort of home to him, I suppose. I always had a room ready for him. Last Thursday afternoon he came in to see me. He was not at all well. I am afraid he had been drinking. He complained on Thursday night that he could not sleep. He felt so bad on Friday that he did not go out of the house. His head hurt him, he said. He did not drink very much, but seemed to be sobering up rapidly. On Saturday night he suffered great pain, and took some antipyrine and sulphonal as a sedative. He took too much, however, for it only made him restless. On Sunday he took some morphine.

"Any stories that anyone gave him morphine are false. Mr. Childs always carried the drug with him in a small silver case, which he had when I first met him. He seemed so much better yesterday that I went out about 1 o'clock, leaving him in the house. I got back about half-past 5. He was lying on the bed. I asked him how he felt, and he said he was worse. He might have been drinking. I went out to the dining room to supper, expecting he would follow. He did not come and I called him. In answer I heard a noise like a loud snore. I thought he was asleep, and I finished my supper. Then I went into his bedroom, as the noise continued and increased. Mr. Childs was lying on the bed gasping and choking, with the saliva streaming from his mouth. He had rolled the bed-clothes in a tangled heap. I tried to rouse him, and when I found I could not I sent my maid at once for



DEATH OF DR. CHILDS.

Dr. Alexander Dallas, of 65 West Thirty-sixth street. I told Dr. Dallas when he came that Mr. Childs was in the habit of taking morphine.

"My maid told us that Mr. Childs had gone out soon after I did and went down town. She said he came back about 5 o'clock with Jack McDonald, a friend of his, who left him at the door. He must have taken the morphine, though, after I came in. Dr. Dallas called in Dr. Chamberlain. Mr. Childs was unconscious then. The two doctors worked with him fully two hours before they sent for an ambulance. He was taken to the hospital, where I followed as soon as possible. It is an awful loss."

Dr. Childs has been known to a number of New Yorkers for the past three years. He lived ostensibly at the Hotel Metropole, where he occupied one of the finest suites of rooms in the house. He was not at the hotel much. His bills averaged \$60 and \$70 a week for perhaps two nights of a week. He left the hotel on Feb. 24 last and has seldom been seen there since. It was said in the hotel that he appeared to be a very busy man. He occasionally let drop some intimations of being largely interested in mines and mining schemes. It was one of these schemes that took him to South America last year, and it was in South America that he allowed the morphine habit to get such a hold on him. He got back from South America, it is said, in June, and two months later went to Europe. He returned to New York last October and went to the Metropole. He spent his money freely at all times, was very fond of a sporting life, and was a hard drinker. His death caused a sensation in the Tenderloin district, where his friends think that he was un-

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der the influence of liquor on Monday evening and took the overdose of morphine by mistake.

Dr. Childs was connected with the large and wealthy Childs family of Pittsburgh; with S. Jarvis Adams, the iron manufacturer; with Charles A. Wolfe, of the U. S. Baird Machinery Company, who is his brother-in-law, having married his sister, and with A. V. Holmes of Fifth avenue, his uncle. He was the son of the late John T. and Louisa M. Childs, of Sewickley, and was 31 years old. He inherited, in common with his sister, quite an estate through his grandfather, Dr. Shipley Holmes. This in main part consisted of an interest in property on Fifth avenue, from the Chronicle-Telegraph building down to Masters alley. His share is said to have been about \$125,000. The larger part of this he received some years ago and spent it freely and rapidly. About a year ago, and shortly after he had returned from a trip to South America, where he was interested with a New York syndicate in developing mineral lands, he effected a division of his undivided and remaining interest in the Fifth avenue property, selling out to the other heirs, thereby realizing about \$35,000. This is what remained of his fortune. His associates and friends now think that, too, must have gone the way of the rest of his patrimony. It is acknowledged that he had contracted the morphine habit. He began the study of medicine at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, but did not complete his course.

He was a member of the Allegheny Athletic Association and took great interest in athletics of all kinds, being an active spirit in ball and track matters here. A few years ago he was connected with the Pittsburgh Post, and later with the Press. Two years ago he travelled extensively in Europe, at that time forming an attachment for Jennie Joyce, the music hall singer. He was also an admirer of the "Baroness" Blanc, and later of Mrs. Olive Jardine. It is stated that he was in this city a few days last week.

John Rossburg, a builder, of No. 38 Montrose avenue, Williamsburg, L. I., is now looking for his wife Annie, who, he says, has eloped with a dancing master. Mr. Rossburg is sixty years of age and his



NOT TOO OLD TO DANCE.

wife fifty-three. They have been married but two years.

When Rossburg came home the other night he found a note from his wife awaiting him. It read:

"Dear Old Boy: As the papers say, I have gone away with a handsomer man. I am not too old to love yet. YOUR LITTLE GIRL."

Rossburg immediately located the man who had stolen away his wife in the person of a dancing master, who, for some time past, has been giving his wife lessons. A postscript to the letter read that the woman and her lover were going to the World's Fair, and from there to Montana, where they expected to live in the future.

Friday afternoon the eloping woman and her lover were located by the husband at No. 74 Johnson avenue, and the next morning he went to the Lee Avenue Court, asking for a warrant.

"She was a widow when I married her," said Mr. Rossburg, "and she insisted that I should make her happy, so we were married. Everything went well until two months ago, when a fellow came to our home looking for a room. He said he was a dancing master, and my wife insisted on taking dancing lessons in private from him. I told her that a woman at her age should be ashamed to learn dancing, but she told me that she knew her business, and I guess she did. The dancing master never told me his proper name, but I think it is Genese."

He was refused a warrant in court and left, threatening to take the law in his own hands. Later in the day he went to No. 74 Johnson avenue, but the pair had flown. He says he will follow them.

Divorced three years without knowing it! Such has been the experience of Mrs. Willie A. Rouze, a quiet and refined woman who is employed in the Government Printing Office at Washington, D. C. About five years ago Samuel Rouze, her husband, who had been employed in the Government Printing Office as a compositor, informed her that he was going to Omaha to get work. Mrs. Rouze prepared for the journey, and the goodbyes were tearful and affectionate. The couple regularly corresponded with each other, and some time after the husband had settled in the Western city the eldest child, now a young man about 21 years old, went out to pay him a visit. Time wore on, and Mrs. Rouze was ever expecting her husband to return to her in spite of the fact that his letters became fewer and fewer. Some time ago she concluded to institute inquiries regarding him, and was shocked to learn that in January, 1890, Rouze had procured a divorce from her on the ground of desertion. She immediately placed the matter in the hands of her lawyer, A. H. Bell, who began an investigation that was shortly terminated by his receipt of a certified copy of the decree of divorce from Frank Morse, Clerk of the Court in Omaha.

Subsequent inquiry developed the fact that Rouze had married another woman in Omaha immediately

after the divorce was granted, and is now the father of an infant about six months old. Mrs. Rouze will take no steps to have the decree set aside, as she believes it would be useless, and her circumstances are such that she cannot bear the expense. She says she never received any notification of the divorce proceedings, and that she knew nothing whatever about them until three years after they had been concluded. She has three children, of whom Rouze is the father, two boys and a girl, the latter being the youngest and about 10 years old.

Mrs. Catharine Corr, widow of the son of Detective Patrick Corr, is apparently a very good woman for the Brooklyn, N. Y., policemen to keep away from. Dark and attractive, she lives at 1432 DeKalb avenue, and is said to boast of the number of "bluecoats" she keeps on the string.

Her latest victim is ex-Policeman Thomas Maxwell, of No. 47 Little street. One night recently Maxwell entered the Cedar street station-house at 8 o'clock. Pointing to his mouth with one hand and an empty phial with the other, he made known to the sergeant at the desk that he had taken poison. He could not articulate, but an investigation revealed that his mouth was dangerously burned with carbolic acid. Dr. Emmet gave the suffering man an emetic and applied a lotion to the burns.

When Maxwell could speak he said he had been passing the day at the house of Mrs. Corr, with whom he had been drinking beer. He accused the woman of pouring the acid in his beer.

Capt. Kitzer sent for Mrs. Corr, and she denied giving Maxwell the acid. During an altercation, she said, Maxwell seized the bottle of acid, which she bought for disinfecting purposes, and threatened to kill her with its contents. Then she left the house, and she believed he must have taken the stuff with the idea of committing suicide. She was held for trial in the Lee Avenue Court.

Maxwell was released from the Flatbush Asylum recently. His second dismissal from the police force was for insubordination, in leaving the First Precinct in defiance of his sergeant's orders. He was drunk.

Mrs. Corr is a wonderfully preserved woman, and despite her life of dissipation, retains traces of her former beauty. She is a terror to the Police Department.

On Feb. 12 Mrs. Corr was arrested on a charge of grand larceny, preferred by Maxwell. Maxwell had been dismissed from the force, reinstated and again dismissed. He collected considerable back pay, and it was \$180 of this that he claimed the fascinating widow had relieved him of. She was then living at No. 280 Pulaski street. On her way to the police station the fair prisoner is said to have exclaimed: "Why, you cannot do anything to me. I have done nothing the police can touch me for. I have twelve more of you fellows on the string now."

At the trial Mrs. Corr proved that Maxwell owed her for board, and that she had given the money to his sisters. She confessed to keeping and pawning some jewelry of Maxwell's, which she said he gave her.

When Maxwell met Mrs. Corr he was a steady man.



PARTED WITH HER HUSBAND.

His infatuation for her drove him to drink, however, and he lost his position. Of his back pay Mrs. Corr is said to have received \$2,000. One of Mrs. Corr's

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earliest victims was Officer William Mullins, of the Thirteenth Precinct. He became entangled with her. One night he committed suicide in the station-house by putting a bullet in his skull. Mrs. Corr took the



FASCINATED THE POLICE.

affair coolly and appeared in Duffy's dive as chipper as if no tragedy had been committed on her account. A fireman is said to have been ruined by her, and now she has another policeman on her fatal string.

### PUNCHED ACTOR KENT REAL HARD.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Two ladies and an actor have furnished Chicago with a novel sensation. During the long engagement of "Aristocracy," society belles have graced the boxes. The cast includes S. Miller Kent, who plays the part of *Stuyvesant Lawrence*. A week ago two ladies occupied a box at a matinee and just after the performance Actor Kent went to the box office to ascertain who they were. The same ladies occupied the box in the evening. On last Saturday afternoon these same ladies were again in the same box, and the devotion of the actor was bold enough to attract the attention of many in the audience. Some one who knew the ladies informed W. B. Keep, a wealthy lawyer, that Kent was flirting with his wife at the Columbia Theatre.

Keep lost no time in going to the theatre and in getting into Kent's private dressing room, where he gave the actor an awful drubbing, which included a cut across the face and a lovely black eye.

Keep knew Kent personally, and also several other members of the company. Kent thought Keep merely came to his dressing room for the purpose of having a friendly chat. He said he held out his hand to Keep, and instead of a warm grasp he received a blow on the head with an umbrella. Kent was taken by surprise, and before realizing the situation he had been knocked out.

Kent was known to all of the employees as a "masher." Manager Myers said Kent told him he had met the ladies one day during the week at Kinsley's, and did not think he was violating the proprieties by recognizing them in the box. When it was suggested that his courtesies might be misconstrued, he thought that made no difference to the parties.

"I am sorry for the notoriety of the affair," said Mr. Keep. "When I come to reflect on the matter, however, I believe if I had it to do over again I should act just as I did on Saturday afternoon."

"I do not care to say why I thrashed Mr. Kent," continued Keep. "It was because of a personal matter between Mr. Kent and myself. I punished him at the theatre because I did not think I could find him anywhere else without making a street scene."

### KNOCKED THE EDITORS OUT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The most sensational shaking up Shell Lake, Wis., has received for some time occurred at a public caucus the night of March 31, last. It is the beginning of the end of a bitter fight carried on for several years past, and there is an easy possibility that some or all of the parties involved will "bite the dust" sooner or later. G. L. and J. E. Jones are father and son respectively, and editors of the *Shell Lake Watchman*. They went there from Chippewa Falls, Wis., where they formerly published a paper. Dr. W. M. Beck is a practicing physician of Shell Lake with a large patronage and very popular. The Doctor is also a clever athlete, and gave the editors a sharp taste of his skill. At the political caucus of which Dr. Beck was chairman, over 500 of the representative people of the county were present, and before this audience Dr. Beck, for slanders recently published, demanded a retraction and apology from the editors. They refused and emphasized their refusal by drawing revolvers and heavy steel bars, and prepared to make an assault. Beck swung his right and left so quickly on them that they fell to the floor, and Beck wresting the weapons from them, gave them each an unmerciful drubbing with the steel bar taken from the younger Jones. The senior editor received seven severe scalp wounds, and the younger Jones thirteen, besides blackened eyes and other compliments. Beck was only armed with a rawhide, but was unable to use it, preferring the enemy's weapon, the steel bar. The Court room resembled a slaughter house after the fight. Beck came out without a scratch. The public approve of this castigation.

### BLEW HIS WIFE'S BRAINS OUT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Samuel Crosby returned to his home at No. 112 West Fourth street, Newport, Ky., one day recently, and quarreled with his wife. Crosby is a drunken and worthless fellow, and was under the influence of liquor at the time. He seized a shot gun, put it to his shoulder and fired at his wife. The charge blew the top of Mrs. Crosby's head off, and her brains were spattered over the wall. There was no cause for the murder.

### KILLED THE GIRL HE LOVED.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Miss Effie Clark of Spokane, Wash., was on April 1, shot and killed in Chicago, by F. Ross Smith, of Evanston, who then shot himself. He will die.

Miss Clark was nineteen years old and Smith is twenty-six. The girl's parents, as well as Miss Clark herself, had opposed the attentions of Smith, who was an ardent suitor. Miss Clark was a member of the freshman class in the Northwestern University.





FASCINATING Mlle LE MARA.

A PLEASING AND PREPOSSESSING MUSIC HALL ARTISTE, WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

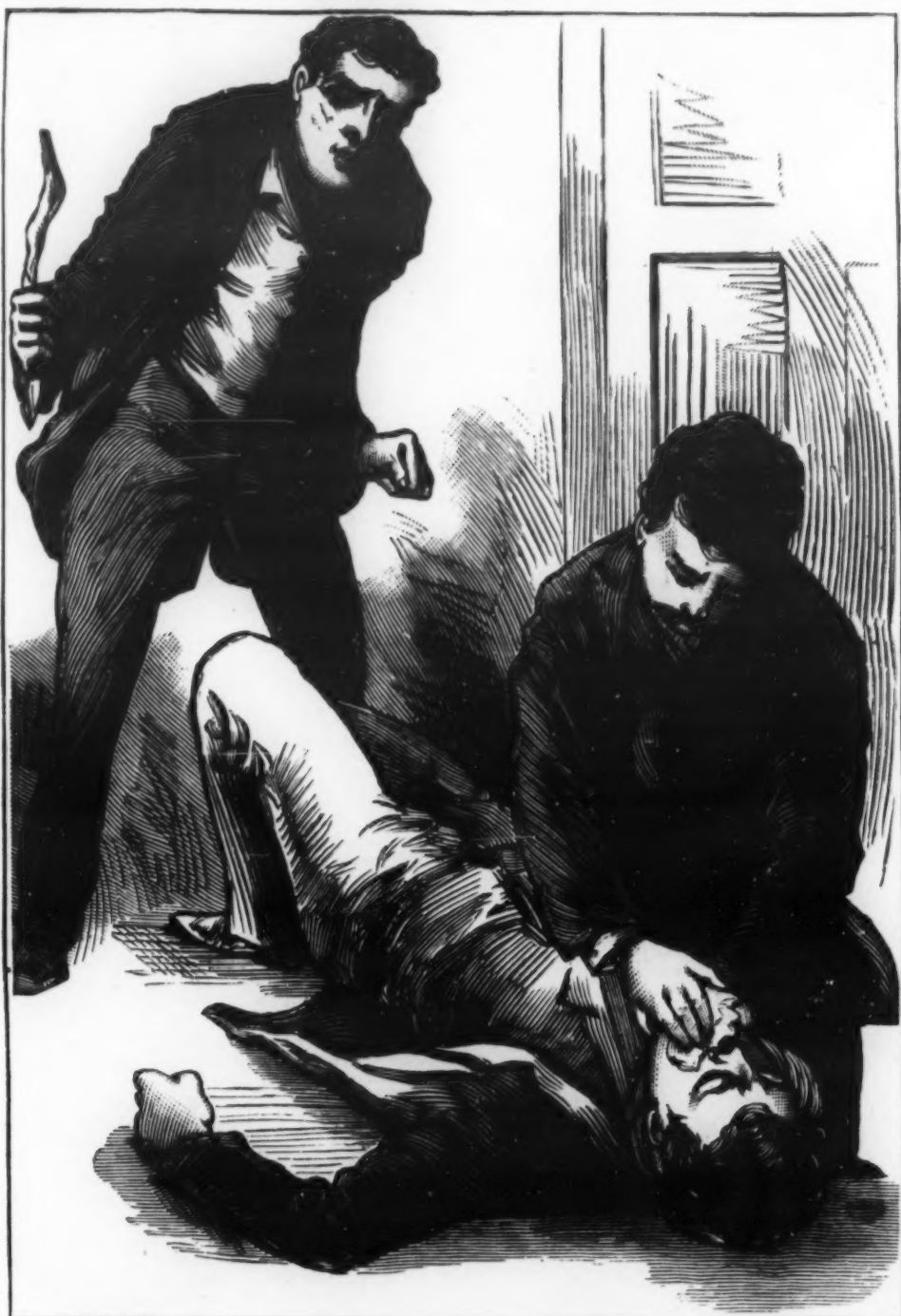












LURED TO HIS DEATH.

FREDERICK GILLE, A WAR VETERAN, FOUND STRANGLED IN A SMALL ROOM IN A TENEMENT HOUSE AT ST. LOUIS, MO.



KILLED THE GIRL HE LOVED.

F. ROSS SMITH, A DISAPPOINTED LOVER, MURDERED HIS SWEETHEART, MISS EFFIE CLARK, WHILE VISITING IN CHICAGO.



BLEW HIS WIFE'S BRAINS OUT.

SAMUEL CROSBY, A DRUNKEN AND COWARDLY BRUTE, MURDERS HIS YOUNG WIFE AT NEWPORT, KY.



## KILLED AT HER WEDDING.

Attempt to Rescue a  
Man From a Forced  
Marriage.

## THE BRIDE SHOT DOWN.

Henry Delaney Compelled to  
Marry at Pistol's Point.

## WEDDING PARTY ATTACKED.

The Girl and Her Father Shot  
by Delaney's Friends.

## AWFUL TRAGEDY IN KENTUCKY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Henry Delaney, a young drug clerk living at Sturgis, Union county, Ky., was accused recently of betraying Abbie Oliver, daughter of Henry Oliver, a farmer living near Sturgis. He denied the charge and refused to marry the girl. On the night of April 5 her parents forced him into the marriage at the point of a pistol. His brother George organized a party, who tried to rescue him, and in doing so fatally wounded the girl, seriously wounded her father and tried to kill the mother. George and Henry Delaney and Frank Holt were arrested. The girl, who would soon have become a mother, died at 5 o'clock the next morning.

The Olivars are a quiet people and a family of good standing. Delaney is also of excellent standing. He had formerly been attentive to the girl, and it is understood does not deny the improper intimacy with her. He maintained, though, that he could not be the father of her child, as he had not seen her since last May. The father brought legal action against him, and some hot correspondence passed between them. Last week Delaney answered a letter from the girl, in which she threatened vengeance, with the statement that she "might cut her dogs loose," for he was ready for her. The next day, in anticipation of a suit, he transferred a farm he owned to a relative.

The community was greatly shocked by the scandal, but never expected that it would go further than a lawsuit. On the night of April 5, at 9 o'clock Mrs. Oliver went in search of Delaney, and finding him in the drug store where he worked, drew a revolver and told him he must go at once and marry the girl. Mr.



THE GIRL'S MOTHER CONFRONTS HIM.

Oliver then came in with a shot gun, and together they forced Delaney to get into a carriage with them and the girl. They drove fifteen miles to Morganville. There a marriage license was procured, and the ceremony was performed in the carriage about 9 o'clock in the morning. They then started for home, but stopped at the residence of Dr. H. Allen, a lawyer to obtain information regarding a divorce, which both sides wanted.

They had gone about two miles after leaving Dr. Allen's when they were fired on, and the bride was fatally wounded. She was shot through the head. Mr. Oliver was seriously wounded, but jumped from the carriage and hurried to the place whence the shots were fired. He was just in time to identify four men who were all from Sturgis.

Mrs. Oliver alone escaped without a wound. She ran the team at full speed for a mile down the road and turned in at a farm residence. The attacking party followed, shooting frequently, but they stopped in sight of the house. Delaney joined them and they fled.

The alarm was given at once. Mr. Oliver swore that George Delaney and Frank Holt were in the party. The others he did not know.

Warrants were at once issued for these two and for Henry Delaney, and they were soon arrested. The names of the other assailants are not known, but certain men are suspected and will be arrested soon. The whole country is literally wild with excitement.

It is very evident that the plot was arranged between Delaney and the four men. Delaney and Mrs. Oliver occupied the back seat of the carriage, and Mr. Oliver and the girl were on the front seat. Before

starting, Delaney requested the carriage driver not to shoot at him if any shooting occurred on the way.

Taylor Oliver is well known in Louisville. He served a short time in the Union army. He went there about seventeen years ago and secured employment with the Louisville Transfer Company. He stayed with them for two years, leaving to go the Bourbon stock yards, where he remained about a year. While employed there some ugly remarks about sending out incorrect market reports were made. An investigation followed and Oliver was relieved of his place. The officers and employees of the transfer company speak of him in good terms. He was married while at the yards to a Miss Daniels.

Later on George P. Henry was arrested and identified by Mrs. Oliver as one of the assailants. Henry Delaney was the first arrested. He says Oliver began firing on his friends as soon as they appeared and drove toward them. Oliver, who is thought to be fatally wounded, denies this.

On the following day the funeral of the murdered bride took place at Sturgis. A large crowd of mourners gathered at the house, and the indignation of the citizens was intense. There were many threats of lynching, but it is believed the law will be allowed to take its course.

George Henry, George Delaney and Frank Delaney reached Morganfield by a circuitous route just before midnight April 6, under a heavy guard. The prisoners were taken before Judge Flournoy the next morning, and, preferring to pay for the guards rather than go to jail, Marshals Hurst, W. C. Dyer, and J. H. Jeffreys were appointed to guard them in a hotel. They show no disposition to get away and refuse to talk, except Henry, who says that he spent the whole night in Sturgis and slept with a man named Ashby.

Taylor Oliver, father of the girl, was shot twice and will die. He says he recognized Frank Holt and George Delaney. The top of the surrey is full of bullet holes. Taylor Oliver's pistol was not unloaded, but two empty cartridges were found in the revolver used by Mrs. Oliver. The father says that George Delaney shot Abbie.

### LURED TO HIS DEATH.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION.]

In a squalid little tenement room, rear of 220 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo., the other night, was found the body of Frederick Gille, an army veteran, 54 years old. He had been lured into the room, strangled and robbed.



WAS INTIMATE WITH ABBIE.

The means used were exactly similar to those of the French garroters.

The murderers are supposed to be Joseph Bappel, alias John Mueller, a cook, and S. Stutz, a cigar maker. The room was rented by them and Sunday night they were seen leading a third man, supposed to have been Gille, to their quarters.

### CAPT. THOMAS PHELAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Capt. Thomas Phelan, of Kansas City, whose portrait adorns another page is well-known throughout Missouri as a famous swordsman. Phelan has repeatedly issued challenges to compete against any man in America, but no one has had the courage to put up a deposit to meet the doughty captain.

### Mlle. Le Mara.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The attractive face and delicately-shaped figure of Mlle. Le Mara is the subject of our principal theatrical illustration. Mlle. Le Mara is a popular exponent of burlesque in England, where she frequently appears at the best music halls and in the leading pantomimes.

### JAMES SWAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Swan, whose portrait appears in this issue, resides in New Orleans, La. He is an expert oarsman, and by his skill with the spruces has gained considerable fame. He is a member of the Louisiana Boat Club and has won several prizes.

### WILLIAM H. RHODES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William H. Rhodes, whose portrait is reproduced in another column, is one of the local characters of Cumberland, Md. He is known as Tramp Rhodes, because of his habit of taking long tramps through the country at certain periods of the year.

### HE HUGGED PRETTY GIRLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Policeman Binning the other evening saw a big man hugging a very small woman on Third avenue, near Thirtieth street, New York. A big crowd had collected. The woman was screaming, and when the

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hugger was arrested she fainted. Four other young women in the crowd told the policeman that the man had hugged them also. At the station the prisoner said he was John Jumbo, a farm hand, of Corona, L. I.



FORCED INTO A CARRIAGE.

He was perfectly sober. In Yorkville court he was sent to the Workhouse.

### HENRY C. GARRISON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Henry C. Garrison, whose portrait appears on another page, is the Sheriff of Gloucester County, N. J., with his headquarters at Swedesboro. He has a record as the following will show. He made twenty-one arrests in this and adjoining counties during the year 1892: stealing horses, 4; grand larceny, 2;

larceny, 1; assault and battery, 4; disorderly, 6; bastardy, 2; violating Sunday laws, 1; desertion, 1. He has also investigated several important cases for the Benj. Franklin Detective Agency, of which he is a member. This completes 25 years of service as an officer of Gloucester county, during which time he has made 343 arrests for 41 different crimes, and assisted in furnishing the evidence which sent 59 of the Hudson Co. ballot box stuffers to State Prison.

### JAMES MCCOY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James McCoy, of Pittsburg, Pa., is a well-known pugilist. He has engaged in several battles, and is now



THE WEDDING.

ready to fight any man in America, at his weight, for the largest purse offered.

### ED. PITTS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish a portrait of Ed. Pitts, well-known pugilist of Denver, Col. Pitts has a first class record and he is open to fight any man his weight in Colorado.

## ONLY A LOVER'S QUARREL.

A Pistol Shot That Startled a  
Police Sergeant.

## GUSTAVE AND ADDIE WERE OUT.

Sergeant Kane was sitting near the door of the Hammond street, Cincinnati, Police Station about 10 o'clock the other night when he heard a shot, the sound coming plainly from the direction of Main and Fifth streets.

He got up, went to his desk, got his revolver and was about to start out, when a man came running down Hammond street and burst into the station like a whirlwind. His face was blackened, and he appeared to be scared nearly out of his senses.

"There's some shooting up here. Hurry, for God's sake hurry!" gasped the man between puffs.

"Where?" asked Sergeant Kane, as he started to run. "Right up here," replied the stranger. "I'll show you."

"Is it a murder?" was asked.

"Yes. Hurry up."

The sergeant made good time, the man leading him to 110 Main street, the business establishment of Dr. Mack's Medical Prescription Company. The man led the sergeant through a hallway, upstairs, and opened the door of a room in the rear on the second floor.

The sight that met the gaze of Sergeant Kane astonished him. The room was luxuriously fitted up with decorations and bric-a-brac of much taste and value. It could be seen at a glance that it was a bachelor's headquarters. It was not the appointments of the room, however, that attracted the sergeant's attention.

Setting in a chair by the dresser with her head in her hands, her blonde hair falling down over her face and hands, was a stylishly dressed woman. She had on a dress of some blue stuff that clung to her slender figure and increased the beauty of the picture of despair presented. Her hat lay on the floor near her, and the sergeant was quick to spy a 32-caliber bulldog revolver on the mantel, which he grabbed. He then spoke to the girl, or, rather, young woman, but she did not look up until he touched her arm. As soon as they entered the room the young man, who had led the sergeant there, stepped to one side and stood looking at the woman, his face picturing a conflict of emotions, from love to hate and terror to coolness.

"I want to know who fired this shot," said the sergeant, noticing that there was an empty shell in the revolver and a ragged bullet hole near the ceiling at one end of the room.

Both the man and the woman said they didn't know, and acted very strangely.

"Well, you'll both go to the police station, then," said the sergeant.

The girl broke down and begged piteously for the officer to spare her reputation and her family.

"I will die if I have to go to the station," she said, and grabbed the sergeant by the arm as she fairly kneeled to him.

"No, you come with me," said the sergeant, and enforced his demand by collaring the man and asking another man who had entered the room to take the woman.

When they got to the Hammond street station the young woman broke down and said that she fired the shot, but it was by mistake, and she didn't know how she came to do it.

"Yes, it was all a mistake," chimed in the young man.

"What's your name?" was asked of the woman.

"Mattie Berdges," she replied.

The man then said his name was Gustave Seebaum, of 603 Gilbert avenue. He said he was manager of Dr. Mack's establishment, and that the room where the woman was found was his.

Lieutenant Gill came into the station and, hearing the particulars, said as a bluff: "Your name is not Mattie Berdges. Why, I know you." The girl protested, but finally, after crying and protesting, said that she had given the wrong name and that her name was Addie Winters and that she lived at 39 East Pearl street. She said her father was a clerk at the post-office. Between her tears, and assisted by young Seebaum, who chimed in now and then, she told a remarkable story.

She said that she had been keeping company with young Seebaum. They had a little flare-up, and she met him in front of No. 110 Main street, or Dr. Mack's store. She told him that she had been told that he did not love her any more, and had been lavishing his affections on another woman. Young Seebaum refused to make up, and at last turned to go upstairs.

"I can never go to bed and sleep without we shake hands as friends," pleaded Addie, but he heeded her not and continued upstairs. She followed and they went to his room.

The young woman says she was standing by the dresser talking. Seebaum got mad and said, "Addie, I'm going to bed." What happened after that is not satisfactorily explained. But, to continue with the story, the woman says that she saw a revolver on the dresser and picked it up, she couldn't tell why. The revolver went off. She declared that she didn't know how it happened, or what made it shoot. Nor could she tell how she happened to pick it up just at that moment.

She said that she didn't know what happened after she shot the revolver. A cloud came over her mind and she fell to the floor. She finally came to her senses and sat in the chair as found by Sergeant Kane.

Young Seebaum said he didn't know how the thing happened. It was all a mistake. The only explanation he could give for running to the station-house, as he did, was that he was so scared that he didn't know what to do.

At first he thought he was shot, and then thought the woman had shot herself. He refused to prosecute, as did the girl to have any charges brought. Sergeant Kane said he saw no disorder, and could not make a case of any kind, as he had no evidence. The two young people were finally allowed to go, and they left the police station together.

**The Trade should send in their Orders at once for FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES No. 11 "MARRIAGE OR WHIP?" Magnificently Illustrated. The sale will be enormous. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**



## DRUGGED AND MURDERED.

### A Governor's Daughter Killed Just Before the Wedding.

### DR. ZALENKOS' ADVENTURE.

### Called to Behead a Woman Supposed to be Dead.

### HIS TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

(From the French.)

The streets were a furnace, the sun a ball of fire sinking slowly into a sea red and brazen as a burnished lake of liquid copper, and the noise of the city rose to our ears through the hot evening air like the faraway drone of a huge hive of bees.

"Yes," said Zalenkos, contemplating with a sorrowful smile the mutilated stump of his wrist, "I was born, as I tell you, here in Constantinople. My father was a dragoman of the port, and did a profitable business in silks and perfumes. He educated me well, and, as I had a fancy that way, he sent me for a three years' medical course to Paris, where, with some ability, I learned all that a good physician should know. My friends there were few, my homesickness heavy, and as I had heard nothing from my father for a long, long while, I seized an opportunity that presented itself to return as surgeon in the train of a French embassy.

I had not heard from my father because my father was dead, and died, the priest told me, a holy man, "for he bequeathed," said he, "all his money to us in alms."

This was incredible, but what could I do? I had nothing to prove otherwise and was only too glad that he did not claim the house and merchandise as legacies too. As a surgeon I could do nothing, either. My father was not there to take me among the rich and great, and I would not make a charlatan of myself for the others. Silks and perfumes also sold badly, my father's clients having gone elsewhere at his death and new trade in Constantinople, as you know, comes but slowly.

Greatly discouraged, I was revolving the situation, when it occurred to me that I had many times seen my countrymen traveling in France with similar goods and doing well with them there because they were foreign. It was at least worth trying. I sold my dwelling, left half the proceeds with a faithful friend, and with the rest bought silks, shawls, salves and oils—such things, in short, as I had seen sell well already, and set out for France. My luck changed at once. The voyage was quick and prosperous, and everywhere, big or little cities, ready customers were waiting for my wares. My friend sent me more goods; I made more money. I determined then to extend my travels to Italy. Success went with me, my medical knowledge assisting me greatly. On reaching a place I had only to announce the arrival of a Greek doctor who had cured many people, and my balms and medicines turned promptly to money.

Thus, flitting from town to town, I reached Florence. There I decided to stay a while, partly because I liked it, partly to recover from the fatigue of constant travel. I took a little shop in the St. Croce quarter—two rooms near the hotel—sent out circulars advertising myself as a Greek physician and merchant, and in twenty-four hours my shop was thronged.

I had been in Florence exactly six days, when, one night after closing up and only delaying to take my usual account of sales, I found on my table a note that I certainly did not put there. I opened it. It was a request to be on the Bridge Ponte Vecchio that night promptly at 12 o'clock. This was strange. No matter, I would go and take my sword with me as a precaution.

I had been there five minutes, perhaps, gazing into the Arno's gleaming waves, when the bells struck midnight. I turned about, and there, at my side stood a tall man wrapped in a red cloak, a corner of which he held across his face to hide it. Where had he come from? Where had he been? The mystery startled me and I spoke hurriedly.

"If it be you, sir, that called me here, what is it that you desire of me?"

"Follow me," replied the man quietly, moving away. To go with an unknown like this, at this hour of the night—it was not to be thought of.

"Willingly," said I, "when you have told me where, or shown me your features, sir."

The Red Cloak shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "So be it then Zalenkos," said he, "stay here," and once more moved off.

Such impudence enraged me. "Think you," I cried, "a man like me permits himself to be played with like a child, or that I have come here this cold night for nothing?"

In one leap I reached him, grasped his cloak with one hand and drew my sword with the other, but the cloak remained in my clasp, the man had vanished

round the corner. Little by little my anger cooled and I was able to reason the thing calmly. "Doubtless some hoax," said I; but I still had the cloak, and it should give me, or I was mightily mistaken, the key to this amazing adventure.

Meanwhile, as the night was cool, I put the cloak around me and started home. Turning the street that led to my rooms, suddenly some one jostled against me and a low voice murmured in French:

"Take care, Comte, nothing can be done to-night."

And I saw—only a shadow flitting along the side of the houses. Decidedly the mystery thickened. I took another good look at the cloak. It was of heavy Genoese silk, deep red, edged with fur and embroidered richly with gold. Its beauty and expense, however, gave me an idea. I took it to the shop and exhibited it for sale, but put so high a price on it that I was sure I should find no purchaser.

Among those that would stop to look at it, I argued, I was almost certain to find, and from the fleeting glimpses I had of the face as the cloak came off, to recognize the owner of the cloak among a thousand. It hung in my window all that day. Hundreds stopped to look at it. At last, about dark, a gentleman came in who had often been there before, and had also seen the cloak in the morning.

"By heavens, Zalenkos," he cried, tossing a purse of zechins on the counter, "I must have that cloak of yours if it brings me to beggary!"

And he began to count out the gold pieces. This was indeed embarrassing, I had exposed the cloak to view only to catch the eye of the owner, and here came a young fool determined to have it, no matter at what price—I yielded, however. What else could I do? And it was certainly good payment for my night's adventure.

But, on the threshold going out, the gentleman stopped, unpinned a paper attached to the cloak and tossed it toward me with a careless:

"Something of yours, Zalenkos, that does not go with the bargain."



THE DOCTOR SHOWN HIS SUBJECT.

I stopped, caught it up and there, on the white paper, beheld: "Bring back the cloak to-night, same time and place. Four hundred zechins await you."

I was thunderstruck; what should I do? Quick as thought I caught up the 200 zechins paid me for the garment and set out running after my departing customer.

"I cannot, I cannot let it go, good sir," I cried; "take back your money and give me my cloak!"

He thought I was joking; I persisted. He called me a fool; we came to blows and I tore away the cloak and was going to be off with it, but he called and appealed to the police. We were both taken to court, and the judge declared as I had once sold the garment and received the price for it the cloak must remain the purchaser's.

Then I began to bargain; twenty, eighty, a hundred zechins advance on the 200 he had paid me, if only he would let me have back the garment. What my pleading would not accomplish my gold did. The young man took the money and I carried home the cloak triumphantly.

Again that night, on the stroke of 12, I stood on the Ponte Vecchio, and again, as the twelfth stroke sounded, a form—unmistakably the man of yesterday—emerged from the darkness.

"You have the cloak?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "at the cost of 100 zechins."

"I know," said he; "here are the 400."

And on the broad hand-rail of the bridge he counted down the gold pieces. There were 400 of them. How they shone and gleamed in the lamp-light and how their glitter warmed my heart! I pocketed the money and tried to get a better look at this singular personage. A mask covered his face to-night, and only two dark eyes seemed to flame at me with a sinister fire.

"And now, sir," said I, "may I ask you the service you want of me? Only, as you surmise, it must be nothing wrong."

"Your fears are needless," he answered. "I need your services as a surgeon, not for the living, but—for the dead."

"The dead?" repeated I, amazed.

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"The dead—my sister, who died suddenly yesterday. It is the custom of our family that all repose in the ancestral vault; our relations here, then, will retain the body; the head, however, I desire to take to my father, ill and feeble, who must once more see his daughter."

Behold a dead woman!

The idea was horrible; still, I had naught to do with that; I did not, moreover, care to offend a second time the strange man before me, and I was able to do what he desired as well, perhaps, as any one else he could find.

"Lead the way," said I, quietly; "but why is it necessary that all this be done so secretly and by night?"

"Because," he explained, "his relatives opposed it; deemed it a piece of sickly sentimentality. Once done, however, they could say no more. A brother's scruples alone had prevented his doing the deed himself and merely bringing to me the head to embalm."

We reached, as he finished, a splendid palace, our destination, my companion said, passed the main entrance and through a small side door up a narrow, dark stairway to a dimly lighted hall. Through this again we reached a room lighted only by a lamp hung from the ceiling. A bed stood in the corner and on it lay the corpse.

Zalenkos stopped, shuddered convulsively, but mastering his emotion with the iron will of a full-blooded Mussulman, continued his story.

My conductor pointed to the body, bade me do my work well and quickly, and with averted head to conceal his emotion, went out to await my call in an adjoining room, he said.

In haste, myself, to finish this gruesome task, I drew out the little case of scalpels and knives that, as a surgeon, I always bore in my pocket, and approached the bed. Only the head and the throat of the body was visible, but this was so beautiful that I felt myself thrilled with the deepest compassion. The dark hair lay on the pillow in two long, shining braids, the eyes were closed, the fair, flower-like face as white as wax. Fearing that my nerve would fail me if I

gazed too long, I hurriedly drew the scalpel across the skin as surgeons do when amputating a limb, grasped it more firmly and with one strong downward stroke cut to the vertebrae round white throat.

A low groan answered the blow; the eyes opened and shut, a jet of hot blood shot toward me from the

severed artery, and—I had killed the poor girl before me! Aye, killed her, murdered her, with that cruel stroke! A trance, or a drug—God only knows which, for I did not!

Mad with horror and terror, I waited but long enough to be sure of what I had done, then I fled from the house. The hall was dark, the light out, my companion nowhere to be found. Haphazard and stumbling, I groped my way to the stairs and plunged down them, half falling, half sliding. The door below was only latched, no one there to stop me; in a second I was out in the street and running as if spurred by the devil at my heels, for my room and my bed, there to crouch and bury myself in the bedclothes in a futile effort to drive from my brain that horrible sight.

But sleep was out of the question, and soon the gray light of dawn warned me that I must come to some decision as to the course to pursue. It was wholly unlikely that the man, or devil, who had tricked me into committing what now appeared to me as a madman's act would accuse or betray me. Better open my shop, then, as usual, and so far as possible appear unconcerned.

But, alas! here a new complication had arisen to torture me with fresh doubts and fears—my cap and my scalpel were missing! Had I left them behind me in the chamber of the dead or dropped them in the street in my hurried flight?

Already, too, when I descended, early as it was, Florence was rent with the terrible news. Murder had been done in the hours of the night—Bianca, the Governor's daughter, drugged and killed in her sleep! The very night, too, before her wedding day!

Each word to me was a cruel stab, a stab received, it seemed to me, a thousand times a minute all that day, for every soul I knew in Florence dropped into my shop to tell me the news, each version more terrible than the last, but none so terrible as the truth I knew.

Toward night a police officer entered and took me to one side.

"Signor Zalenkos," said he, drawing out the articles I had missed, "are these things yours?"

Should I lie or tell the truth? To lie would only make matters worse for me. Hundreds, doubtless could identify the articles and testify against me.

"They are mine," I said, simply, and was promptly arrested and taken to prison.

Two hours later I was in a great, gloomy hall crowded with people, arraigned before a group of twelve old men seated about a table draped with

mourning. They questioned me, and I told them boldly and clearly what I had done and what I knew. No one believed or heeded me. My papers and passport were also gone from my room, and there was no one to answer for me or who even knew me. Conviction and sentence followed immediately.

To this, then, I had come—to die by the axe before I had reached my prime.

The evening of the dreadful day that saw me sentenced I was sitting in my cell thinking sorrowfully of my unhappy plight and near death, when the door opened and a man entered who, in the dim light of the prison lamp, I did not at first recognize. It was Valette, one of the few friends that I had known in my student life in Paris. He had happened to come to Florence, where his family—one of great respectability—lived; had heard my story, and had come himself to question me concerning the awful deed.

I told him everything; he, too, discredited me and besought me not to go to my death with a lie on my lips. I repeated my oaths, declaring that my only error was in being so blinded by the hope of the gold that I had failed to see the improbability of the story.

"Then you truly did not know the Governor's daughter?" Valette demanded.

"I never saw her, even!" I assured him earnestly.

Briefly, he believed me and told me that many rumors were flying about the town, among them one of a discarded and jealous lover. At any rate, I must keep up my heart; he would do all he could to assist and save me.

Two days passed—two days of dreadful suspense—through which I lived, my soul a veritable hell of conflicting emotions. Then Valette came again.

"You will live," said he, "but at the sacrifice of the guilty hand."

And he went on to explain what he had accomplished.

The Judge had been inexorable and had refused a new trial; still, not to seem unjust to me, or churlish to his old friend, Valette's father, he had agreed that if a similar case could be found in the Florentine records, the punishment for my crime should be the same as was then inflicted.

Day and night since then, Valette and his father, whom he had also interested, had been reading the records: a case had been found and my sentence ran now:

"The left hand cut off at the wrist, the property to be confiscated and he forever banished from the country."

I was to prepare immediately for the ordeal that awaited me. The horror of the scene in the market place, as I stood with my hand on the block, where my life-blood would flow in torrents, I shall not speak of. Valette took me to his own home till I recovered and then generously gave me the means to return to Constantinople.

I sailed from Sicily, my one hope and resource the money I had left with the friend who had bought my goods. I begged him only to be allowed to make my home with him.

"But why," said he, "when you have a better home of your own over in the Greek quarter ready and waiting for you? A stranger came, bought it in your name and told the neighbors you were coming soon. They are expecting, and are prepared to welcome you."

It was true, just as my friend had said, and on the table in my chamber lay a letter addressed to me. I opened it and read:

"For that which you did for me, Zalenkos, two hands are ready and willing to work without ceasing, that you may not feel the loss of one. This house and all in it are yours, and each year you will receive a sum to place you among the richest of your people. Pardon me, I beseech you, who is more unfortunate even than you."

Who had written it? I know not. "A man," all assured me, "who was certainly a foreigner, and who wore a red cloak."

I knew then all I wished to know—that the man who had brought me to my present pass had still a soul not lost to all honorable feeling.

My new house was arranged in the most comfortable manner, my shop stocked with goods finer than I had ever had. Ten years have passed since then, and I travel now from habit, not necessity, but the land of my crime I shall never see again.

Every year I receive a thousand gold pieces, but, though God is good and Allah great, the burden on my soul will never be lifted. Bianca, as I killed her, is ever before my eyes.

### WILL KICK AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two dozen Egyptian dancing girls arrived on the steamship Guildhall last week and put up at Ellis Island. They are on their way to the World's Fair. Picturesque they undoubtedly are, but to speak mildly, the niceties of the Nile are not the niceties of the Occident.

It wasn't a busy day at Ellis Island, and as the cigarette smoke and the strong language of the Upper Nile grew thick in the registry office the officials gathered to see and hear. There was no waiting. The travelers never lose the idea that they are expected to entertain, and it didn't occur to them that even immigration officials are capable of being shocked.

Three or four Nubians reclined on the floor and fifty others sat on their feet in a circle so as not to spoil the view. Then Fahima Osman danced.

She is very dark and when it comes to dislocation of the vertebra she leads the company easily, but she isn't pretty. She is dark and has big eyes, big features and big feet—the latter crowded into fancy slippers that seem ready to burst.

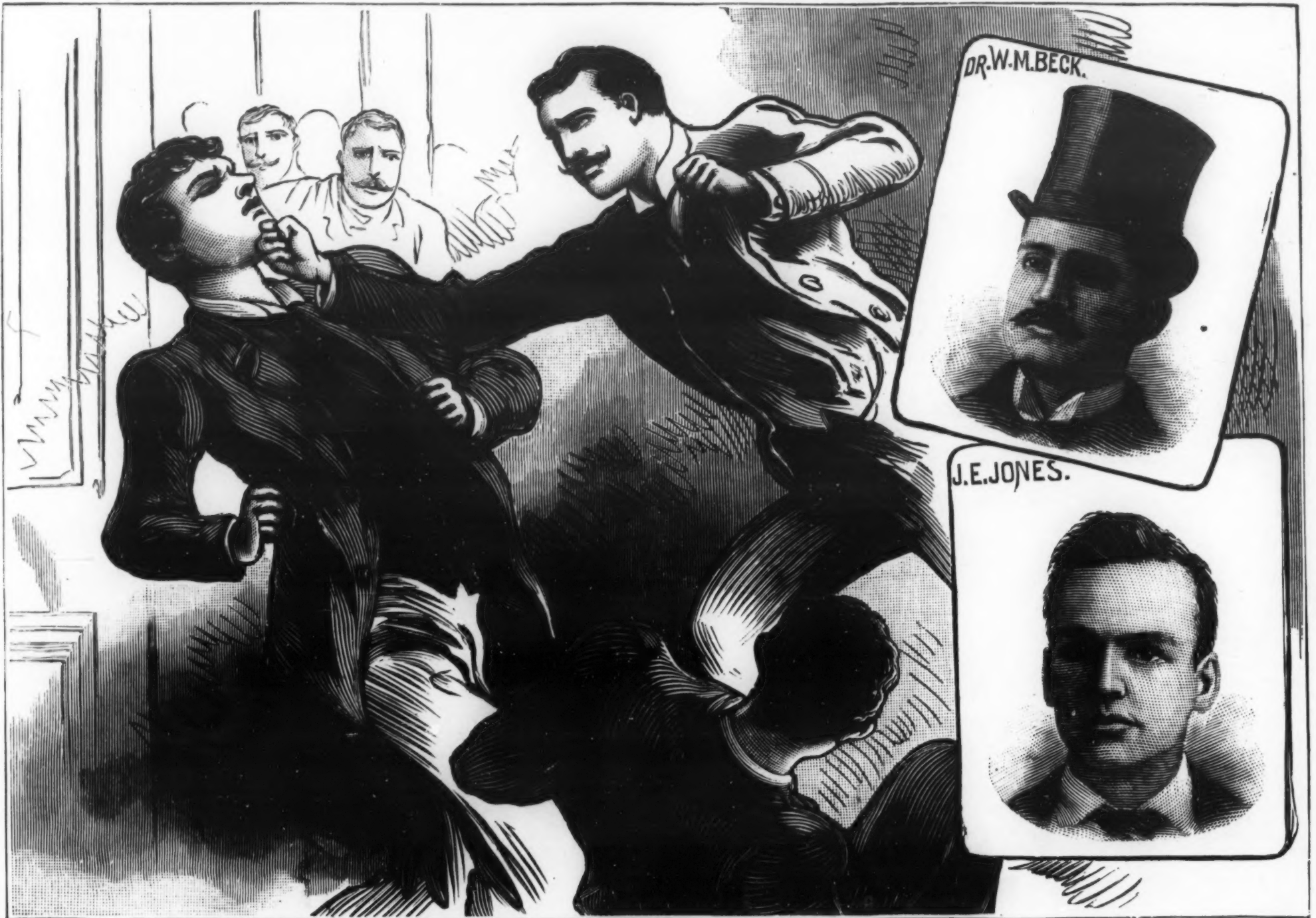
The officials stood the first two twists of the dance and then told Fahima through an interpreter that they feared she was exerting herself too violently after her long voyage. She desisted.

### BEATING HER WAY TO CHICAGO.

"My name is Mary Minnehan, and my home is at Paterson, N. J.," said a young woman at New Castle Junction, Pa., to a reporter the other day. "On the 25th of March," she continued, "I made a wager of \$500 with the Athletic Sporting Club of Paterson that I could beat it through to Chicago. I have ridden the whole distance so far on freight cars, and have only been put off three times. I left without a cent, and begged everything that I have eaten. It is my intention to reach Chicago in time to be present at the opening of the World's Fair." She said she was the daughter of wealthy parents in Paterson, and had started on the trip against their will.

"Pauline's Caprice," 5th Edition, now ready. Fox's Sensational Series No. 5, one of the spiciest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.





KNOCKED THE EDITORS OUT.

DR. W. M. BECK PUNISHES J. E. AND G. L. JONES AT SHELL LAKE, WIS., FOR SLANDERING HIM.



RODE HIM ON A RAIL.

HOW THREE FORT DODGE, IA., YOUNG GIRLS GOT RID OF AN UNWELCOME AND PERSISTENT WOOR.

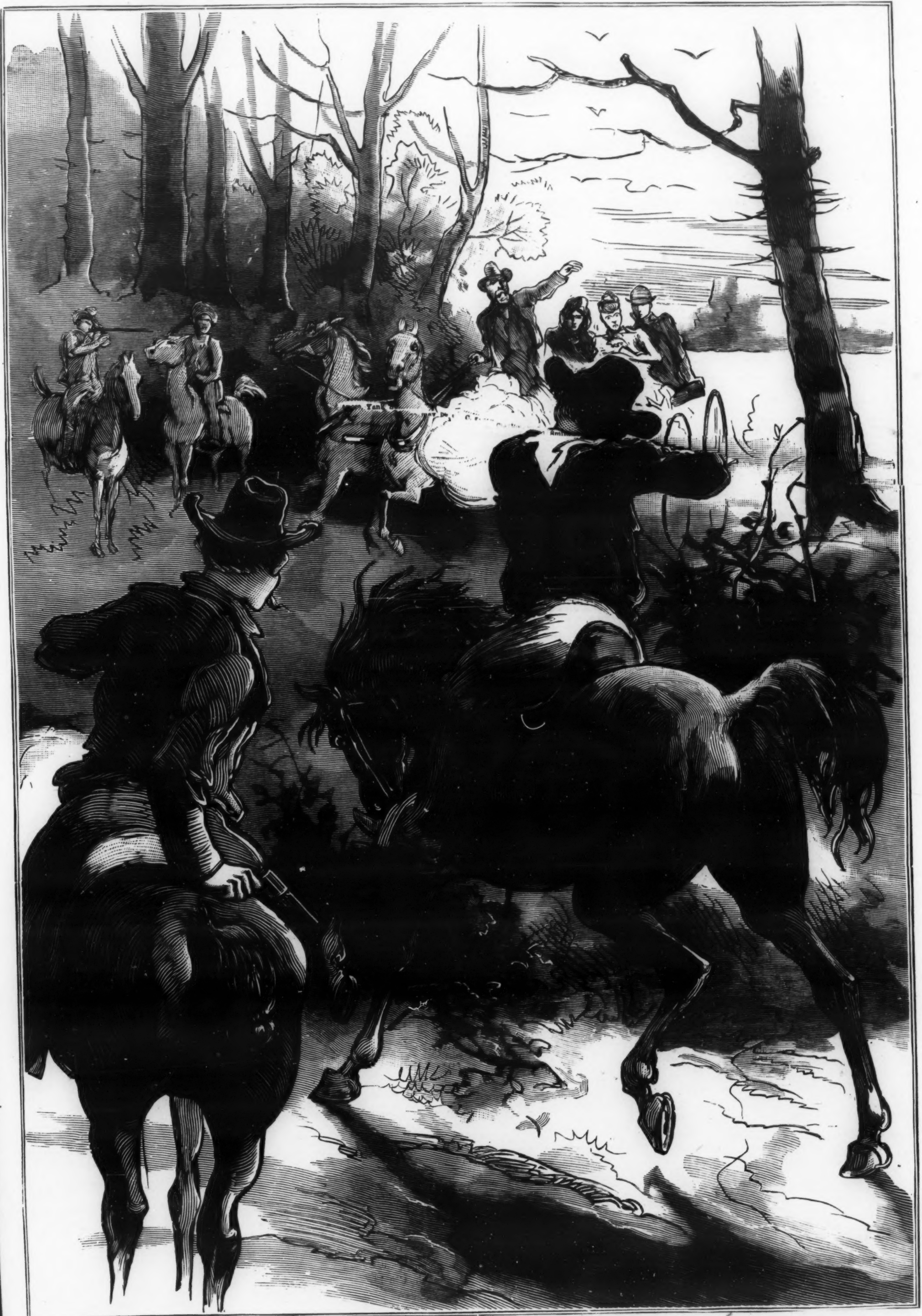












A PRETTY BRIDE ASSASSINATED.

HENRY DELANEY, OF STURGIS, KY, FORCED TO MARRY THE GIRL HE BETRAYED.-- HIS FRIENDS ATTACK THE BRIDAL PARTY WITH FATAL RESULTS.



## SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE"  
STANDARD BOXING GLOVES.  
CHAMPION BOXING GLOVES.

Made of special Indian tan and finest of brown kid, pronounced by the profession as being the finest glove ever made, with laced and padded wrist, and lined with the finest of curled hair. Made in two, four, five, six and eight-ounce weight. Price per set of four, \$7.50. When sending orders state color and weight desired.

## EXHIBITION BOXING GLOVES.

Made of finest white and brown kid, finished in a style and equal to any glove now made. Six and eight ounces in weight. Price per set of four, \$6.00.

## AMATEUR BOXING GLOVES.

Good quality kid, and best gloves for the price ever made. Six and eight ounces in weight. Price per set of four, \$4.00. Any of the above gloves sent to any address upon receipt of price. If sent by mail 50 cents additional to above prices. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

The following special cables were received at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week:

LONDON, April 4, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—Charles Mitchell accepts the offer of the Coney Island Athletic Club to fight Jim Corbett under their auspices for the purse the club has offered, providing the articles are fair.

LONDON, April 5, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—James Nuttall, the champion swimmer of England, has deposited £100 with the *Sporting Life* to swim McCusker of Boston, U. S., one mile for the championship of the world, and £250 a side. Nuttall will allow McCusker £50 for expenses, and forward amount to Richard E. Fox upon McCusker posting stakes and forwarding articles.

Charles Mitchell awaits articles of agreement from the Coney Island Club, to sign for his match with Jim Corbett.

LONDON, April 5, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—Stanton Abbott, the recognized light weight champion of England, will sail for America on Saturday. He goes to arrange a match with Jack McAuliffe, the American champion, to fight for the largest purse and light weight championship of the world.

LONDON, April 6.  
RICHARD E. FOX—Jim Hall and Frank P. Slavin signed articles to-day to fight for £1,000 a side. The Bellingbroke Club have agreed to give £500 and deposited the money. Another club will outbid the Bellingbroke Club and it is expected £1,000 will be offered.

Tommy Burns of Liverpool, the champion diver of England, challenges Steve Brodie or any one in America to dive off any distance mutually agreed upon for £100 to £500 a side.

Arthur Montrose, formerly with Haverly, Laetitia, died last Tuesday of pneumonia. He was a native of Charleston, S. C.

Peter Maher is to travel with Ed Smith for nine months at a salary of \$100 a week.

Frank Aaronson, a young lad, was killed at Mount Holly, N. J., on April 1 by being struck by a pitched ball.

S. I. McLean is to train the Brown University athletes for the intercollegiate games. He will begin work April 10.

Squire Abington had 482 horses entered in the numerous stakes to be run in England. By his death the entries in 98 stakes are void.

Fred Gebhard has gone to California to look after his ranch. He has had a disagreement with Dr. Aby, who is looking after his California interests.

Mat Burns is confident that Tammany will be a second savior to him this season, and perhaps even a greater horse than the famous son of Prince Charlie.

James Fox, the Pittsburgh swimmer, who was challenged by McCusker of this city to swim a mile race, will not accept, as he considers McCusker too fast for him.

Patsy Kerrigan, of Boston, has signified his willingness to meet Harry McCoy, of Burlington, Iowa, providing McCoy will fight for \$1,000 or \$2,000 and the largest purse.

There are 126 nominations for the Oakwood stakes at a mile and a furlong, and 102 for the Great Western, at a mile and a half, both to be run at Washington Park, Chicago.

Frederick S. Kammerer, the well-known turfman of Chicago, is on a visit to New York. He owns Gov. Wheeler, Ed Finn, Guess, Gary B., Blackourn, and Marshman.

For the Oakwood stakes, Lamplighter and Tammany carry the top weight, 137 pounds; Riley, 133; Ida Pickwick, 125; Joe Tambien, 119; Aloha, 116; High Commissioner, 115.

Lamplighter and Tammany head the list of horses in the Great Western handicap, with 133 pounds each. Riley, 133; Ida Pickwick, 120; Santiago, 116; Wadsworth, 114; Faraday, 112.

The two \$1,200 stakes of the Pimlico Driving Club, Baltimore, Md., have filled well. There are 37 entries for the Pimlico stakes for 3:27 class trotters, and 25 entries for the Hotel Nennert stake for 3:40 trotters.

The opening cruise of the Philadelphia Yacht Club is set for May 27, the annual regatta for June 17, the annual cruise for June 30, pennant and sweepstake races July 15 the water Derby Sept. 16, and open races Sept. 30.

Don't fail to read Fox's Sensational Series No. 13, "A She Devil." Sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Twenty-one men competed in the big handicap live bird shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on April 5. W. Roberts won first money, \$477.50; N. G. Money got \$115.50 as second man, and George Work was third and gathered in \$111.

Hefelfinger, the famous Yale foot-ball player, prevented a lynching at Skykomish, Wash., last week. A mob collected to strangle up "Big Kid," a notorious tough, but Hefelfinger, by a great display of nerve, prevented the tragedy.

Jehny Griffin has once more started to talk about fighting Dixon. Jimmy Carroll says that Griffin can get the necessary \$10,000 backing. Zick Abrahams wants the Coney Island Athletic Club to offer a purse for Sol Smith and Dixon.

The Coney Island Club offers a purse of \$5,000 for a fight between Billy Plimmer and George Dixon, the men to weigh 114 pounds, and also a purse of \$5,000 for a fight between Pierce and Johnnie Griffin, the men to weigh 122 pounds.

Jack McAuliffe writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will pay no attention to Austin Gibbons until the latter pays him the stake money in their last fight. If Stanton Abbott comes to America McAuliffe says he will make a match with him.

Sheriff Courtney, of Brooklyn, Long Island, says: "It would not surprise me much, in view of the fact that this Corbett-Mitchell battle is to be an international affair, if the Governor should take a hand and command that the law be strictly interpreted."

Warren Lewis' brother, John E. Lewis, has opened the Lewis House, Nos. 147-149 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Lewis, like his brother, is a general all round sport, and he intends to make the Lewis House the headquarters of sporting men in Brooklyn.

Horace M. Leeds, of Atlantic City, N. J., has been keeping very quiet since his 4-round bout with Jack McAuliffe. Some of the blows he received over the heart were terrible, and his doctor has since told him that one or two more of the same sort might have killed him. Leeds deserves credit for staying four rounds. He no doubt now has great respect for the light-weight champion.

Philadelphia's famous pugilist, Jack Lyneh, who has been boxing in public for eighteen years, is about to retire permanently. His last appearance will be at a benefit to be given shortly, at which Jack will box with Billy Weldon, whom he recently fought in New York.

Charles H. Hamilton arrived at Seattle, Wash., on April 3 from Alaska. He had traversed 1,800 miles on snow-shoes up Yukon river in Alaska and over the divide to Chilkoot in dead of winter, being the first white man who has ever crossed these mountains at that season and lived.

In reply to the offer of George Dixon, the feather-weight champion, Billy Plimmer says: "Now that Dixon has failed to make a match with Johnny Griffin, I would only be too glad to have the opportunity to meet Dixon at 114 pounds. But I will insist that he shall weigh in at the ring-side."

Dean Wilson, the pioneer cocker and sporting man, who has attended prize fights away back for decades, intends to come on to New York to see the interior of the POLICE GAZETTE office, and incidentally the Naval parade. Nearly every sporting man in America knows Dean Wilson, or has heard of him.

The New Jersey Jockey Club is to be reopened on April 13. Treasurer C. Corneliusen, Jr., the other night gave City Clerk Manning, after the Council adjourned, a certified check for \$5,000 in payment of the first year's license of the track, and in return he got from Mr. Manning a certified copy of the license resolution passed by the Council.

Yale University can now boast a full-fledged yacht club. Organization was completed last week, and the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club is an established fact. Its triangular white pennant, with a blue "Y" in the center, is likely to be seen in many places the coming season, and will be prominent at the great Varsity race at New London.

Mike Haley, the well-known sporting man of Norfolk, Va., was in New York on April 1. He had just returned from Savannah, Ga. He left for Norfolk on April 3 and stated he would return to New York with John T. Lewis and a delegation of sporting men to witness the battle between Tom Williams and Billy Smith in the Coney Island Athletic Club.

Prof. James Robertson, of Bay St. Louis, writes from Chicago as follows: "Tommy Ryan will box George Dawson six rounds here on the 8th of April; then we are coming to New York to the Smith-Williams fight, and challenge the winner for a side bet of from \$1,000 to \$10,000; we will also meet all comers in New York for two or three weeks, in Ryan's class."

Ed Smith, who lately defeated Joe Goddard, made a pleasant call upon Richard E. Fox the other day at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Smith was accompanied by his backer, John Quinn, of Pittsburgh, Harry Webb and Prof. Nixey. Mr. Quinn has a very fine company now playing at Brooklyn with Peter Maher, Joe McCarra and Ed Smith, meeting all comers.

Edward W. Atherton, of Hartford, Conn., headed a delegation of Hartford sporting men to see the POLICE GAZETTE office interior on April 4. The party consisted of J. P. Collins, J. F. Sawyer, H. S. Valliant, who keeps a sporting saloon, 173 Main street, Hartford; J. W. Holcomb, of the Hartford Rowing and Athletic Club. The party were entertained by Richard E. Fox.

Jimmy Kelly, the light weight champion of Pennsylvania, has been matched to fight eight rounds with George Hogan, the hard-hitting boy from Cherry Hill. These two boys have met before, and after a desperate battle, which lasted eight rounds, Hogan won. Kelly says he will turn the tables on the "Pride of Cherry Hill" this time and a good battle should be the result.

Johnny Reagan, the well-known pugilist of the Seventh Ward, must now be styled professor. He has been engaged as assistant boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club. Reagan is a finished, clever boxer, who has a host of friends, and his gentlemanly deportment will assist him to hold the position as boxing instructor to the greatest general athletic club in the world.

On the day following the presentation to George Dixon of the "Police Gazette" championship feather-weight belt, Thomas O'Rourke, Dixon's backer, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office. He said that he had deposited \$500 with a responsible party and stated that Dixon was ready to fight any man in America according to the rules governing the belt, for \$10,000 a side and the largest purse.

In the Ariel Club, Philadelphia, on April 1, Jess Moulton bested Jim Lawson in 4 rounds. Tom Clark did the same for Tom Girard, and John Johnson and Oliver Lewis fought 4 rounds to a draw. This latter bout was fast and furious. Johnson was the heavier, had the best reach and was the better boxer, but Lewis was game and forced things from start to finish, and was strictly in it at the finish.

W. P. Farmer, of Chicago, Ill., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will match Kate, who defeated Jim, of Cincinnati, against any 25-pound dog or bitch in America, at 25 pounds, according to "Police Gazette" dog fighting rules, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Give expenses to have the fight decided in or near Chicago. Farmer is one of the Farmer brothers of Chicago, who owned the famous dog Stoop.

The glove fight between Billy Lewis, of San Francisco, and Jim Burge, the Iron man of Australia, at Helena, Mont., began on April 4 at 10 P. M., and only ended on April 5 at 10 A. M., when Burge succeeded in knocking Lewis out. Both of Lewis' hands were broken during the contest, while Burge was battered out of all semblance of humanity and his face resembled a butcher's chopping block. It is reported 58 rounds were fought.

On April 1, in the Ariel Club, Philadelphia, Henry Pearson gave George Strong, of Denver, the fight of his life. In the first round he cut his ear and a second blow sent the blood streaming down Strong's neck. A terrific smash on the mouth made Strong's teeth rattle. This blow was quickly followed by one on the nose which brought the claret. In the third round, when Strong was whipped to a standstill, Referee Fogarty stopped the bout.

C. G. Jefferson, the champion hand lifter, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 3 and issued a challenge, offering any strong man in America \$500 if they could lift as much as he could with one hand. Jefferson also offered H. Block, whose portrait appeared in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, \$100 for each and every feat he could equal as performed by Jefferson. The latter has taken the title of the "Police Gazette" champion hand lifter.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office with \$100 deposit:

BELFAST, N. Y., April 7, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—I have sent \$100 to cover the deposit of Napoli Angelo, the Italian champion, for a wrestling match, Greco-Roman style, and also forwarded articles of agreement for Napoli Angelo and Wm. Muldon, his backer, to sign.

EDWARD J. ATHERTON.

Alf Kennedy, of Chicago, the backer of Billy Myer, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he has not heard anything from Jim Gibbons with reference to matching his brother Austin against Myer. Kennedy posted a forfeit of \$500 at the Crescent City Athletic Club in New Orleans the day after the Hall-Fitzsimmons fight on behalf of Myer for a match with Austin, which Jim said he would cover upon his arrival in New York, but up to the present time he has not shown the color of his money.

Capt. John Brewer gained a very close victory over George Work in a live bird shooting match on the grounds of the Carters Gun Club, at Bergen Point, on April 6. The weather was not at all favorable for good shooting, yet both men did fairly well. Each was unfortunate to have several birds drop dead just out of bounds. The conditions were: Each

**News Agents in Mexico, South and Central America and the Island of Cuba, will be kind enough to send in their orders for the Spanish edition of the POLICE GAZETTE. No. 4 (April number) is now ready.**

to shoot at 100 birds, under Hurlingham Rules, 50-yard limit, for \$100 a side. Brewer—23, 22, 19, 24. Total, 87. Work—21, 21, 23, 23. Total, 88.

Edward H. Garrison, the champion jockey of America, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 3 to see Richard E. Fox. Garrison purchased a fighting bag, training shoes, boxing gloves and dumb-bells, and will at once go into training at Babylon, L. I., to prepare himself for the great turf campaign. He will ride Tammany in the Suburban, and Mr. Francis in the great American Derby, at Chicago, on June 24. He expects to have a more brilliant season, in the pigskin, than he did last year, which is saying a great deal.

The New York *Daily News* says: George Dixon has now got the feather-weight championship belt, which has been fought for by Tommy Warren, Jack Havelin, Ike Weir, Billy Murphy and Frank Murphy, who died on March 16, 1893. In England, Dixon will be compelled, like Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, who now own belts offered by Richard E. Fox, to defend the trophy. The belt represents the feather-weight championship of the world, having been fought for by candidates aspiring to that title, and any pugilist who wants to take a shot at Dixon will have to do so according to the rules.

In California, Porter Ashe, the famous turfman, and his horses have been ruled off the track by a trick. Tom Williams is sore over the Court decision awarding the mare Geraldine to Ashe, so he sent East, and the Board of Control forwarded to the Blood Horse Association the unpaid forfeit of Ashe, amounting to \$2,000. The privilege of running his horses was granted to Ashe, but when he appeared these old claims were sprung on him. He could not pay. This move also shows that the Blood Horse Association acknowledges the authority of the Board of Control. It is feared that the feud between Williams and Ashe may yet end in bloodshed.

Richard K. Fox has decided to give the slaughterers an opportunity to test their expertness in killing beavers and dressing them, by offering an elegant trophy to be competed for in the great butchering tournament to be held in Chicago under the management of Vere Davies, a brother of the "Parson." The trophy will be known as "The Police Gazette Championship of America Butchering Trophy." It will become the property of any competitor who shall win it three times, and the holder will be required to accept all challenges backed up by a deposit, or give up the trophy. This will be the four hundred and thirty-sixth trophy that has been offered for competition by the POLICE GAZETTE, not including the four pugilistic and the six-day championship belts.

Thomas O'Rourke, with George Dixon, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following reply to the challenge of Eddie Pierce:

NEW YORK, April 7, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—in reply to the offer of Eddie Pierce to fight George Dixon, and the report published that Dixon will not give Pierce a chance, please state that Dixon will meet Pierce for \$5,000 a side or upwards and the largest purse offered by any club. Or he will fight any man in the world from 112 pounds to 118 pounds for \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt and the championship. To show we are in earnest I have deposited \$500, which Pierce or any one aspiring for the feather-weight-championship can cover. THOMAS O'ROURKE.

Jack McGee, the champion middleweight pugilist of New England, sends the following to the POLICE GAZETTE:

BOSTON, March 31, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—I understand that Steve Brodie, the backer of Billy McCarthy, has conditionally accepted the challenge I recently issued to fight Billy McCarthy of Australia at 150 pounds. I never agreed to fight at 150 pounds. I went to Coney Island and fought McCarthy on his own terms, 140 pounds. Now I will be only too happy to meet McCarthy at the Coney Island Athletic Club, 10 or 20 rounds or to a finish, at 150 pounds as that is my weight, and if McCarthy don't accept this is open to any boxer in America at 150 pounds.

JOHN C. MOORE, 182 Sumner St., East Boston.  
Sporting men in all parts of the world are now speculating and discussing the coming great fistie battle between Tom Williams, of Australia, the 140-pound champion of the world, and Billy Smith of Boston, who are to fight on April 17 in the Coney Island Athletic Club. Reports from Nahant Beach, near Boston, says the Mysterious One is putting in great strokes of work, and will be strong enough to do battle for a crown when he meets the Australian. Tom Williams the big-shouldered, lion-hearted Australian, is not one whit dismayed at the prospect of facing so fierce and game a fighter as Billy Smith. He is training faithfully, and will be as hard as bed rock when he steps over the ropes on the night of the battle. He knows he has a tremendous task cut out for him, but confidently expects to accomplish it successfully.

James E. Douglass, the owner of the famous running dog, Frenel, with Joseph Camp of Kearney, N. J., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$25 forfeit and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—Not being satisfied with the recent race between Alf Jowitt's Blair Athol and my dog Frenel for \$200 and the "Police Gazette" championship dog collar, which was run at Kearney, N. J., March 4, 1893, I hereby challenge Jowitt to again run Frenel according to the "Police Gazette" Dog Collar rules for \$100 a side and the collar. But Wm. E. Harding must be the referee, as in the last contest the referee won the race and not Blair Athol. To prove I mean business, I have deposited \$25 which Jowitt must cover within seven days according to the rules or forfeit the "Police Gazette" championship collar.

JAMES DOUGLASS.  
If you contemplate purchasing sporting goods of any description send 25 cents to this office for 364-page catalogue. It will save you ten times the price.

The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from Stanton Abbott, the champion light weight pugilist of England.

FAIRFAX CLUB, FULHAM, ENGLAND.  
RICHARD E. FOX—Dear Sir: I am surprised at Austin Gibbons challenging me, after the late Baco in England, when he refused to meet me, after my offering him every inducement. I am the light weight champion of England, and my ambition is to contest against Jack McAuliffe, the light weight champion of America, for the proud title of light weight champion of the world. I have received each good report of Jack McAuliffe, both as a gentleman and a clever pugilist, that I am sure we can arrange a match at the light weight limit, viz, 135 pounds; but to satisfy Austin Gibbons I shall be pleased to meet him, failing a match with McAuliffe, and will box him to a finish at 135 pounds. I remain yours truly, STANTON ABBOTT.  
Light Weight Champion of England.

O. B. Bishop, of Luna, New Mexico, has sent the following proposition to Richard E. Fox:

LUNA, New Mexico, March 30, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX, Dear Sir—I will ride from San Francisco to New York in 30 days if you will furnish first class horses for me to ride and pay all expenses and pay me for my trouble. I will want time to get myself in shape for the trip, and I assure you, my dear sir, I will make good time if you will furnish horses that will carry me as fast as I want to travel without whipping and spurring them. I have been used to riding all my life. I was 31 years old the 5th of this month, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 145 pounds. I have a horse that I rode 35 miles in 15 hours and rested 1½ hours at noon, and I could have made my 100 miles if I had tried. I will be very glad to hear from you, and I assure you I can make my 100 miles every day and can beat that if I have good easy traveling horses. Hoping to hear from you, I remain, yours very respectfully,  
O. B. BISHOP, Luna, Socorro Co., N. M.

Ed Smith with his backer, John J. Quinn of Pittsburgh, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to-day, and claimed the heavy weight championship belt that Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain fought for in France, on Dec. 19, 1891, and which John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought for at Ring-burg, Miss., on July 8, 1892. Smith claimed that he had defeated Joe Goddard, who, according to the *Clipper* and *POLICE GAZETTE*, was champion, and he was now ready to fight any

man in the world for \$5,000 a side and the belt and largest purse, and his backer was ready to post a forfeit. Richard E. Fox said he intended to send the "Police Gazette" championship belt, which had a national reputation, to the World's Fair, and that it was out of existence, as far as any pugilist again fighting for it is concerned, but he had ordered a new belt to be made to represent the heavy-weight championship, and that if Smith desired to claim that trophy, he was willing, but he would not part with the belt which had been fought for in France and America. —N. Y. *Daily News*, April 6, 1893.

"Drago" called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week, with James Walter Kennedy, strong man, orator and dramatist, and issued a challenge to wrestle a man in Germany, France or England Greco-Roman style, best two in three or three in five falls, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. "Drago" correct name is John L. Smith, and he is well-known in athletic circles. Drago has left for Germany to wrestle the champions of Germany, France and Italy. On his arrival in Bremen he will throw down the gauntlet to wrestle Popjan, Oudinet, Regular, Robinet and Apollon. After a tour through Germany he will proceed to England and challenge Tom Cannon, Tom Connors and the other English champions. He will also visit Glasgow and challenge Kenneth, Duncan C. Ross and McRae and then return to America. "Drago" is an athlete of wonderful proportions. He is a skilful wrestler, strong as a lion, and whoever he meets in Europe will find he is a hard nut to crack. "Drago" stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 215 pounds. His measurements are as follows: Chest 47 inches, biceps 17½ forearm 14½, waist 28 inches, calf 17½.

Vere Davies, brother to Parson Davies, has decided to hold a grand butchering tournament in Chicago. The contest will be for the championship of the world, and he expects the expert slaughterers and the champions from all parts of America will contend for the prizes. Davies has written a letter to Richard E. Fox, asking him to award a trophy to represent the championship, and the latter, with his usual liberality, has agreed to do so. It is claimed that the butchers who can kill and dress a bullock for market the quickest, live in Chicago. Possibly when the tournament commences, Brighton, Mass., and Communipaw, N. J., may be found equal to question the supremacy of the representatives of the Windy City. The quickest time a bullock has ever been dressed in goes-as-you-please style is 2 minutes 40 seconds, by John Malone, of Chicago, in August, 1892. While the quickest time a bullock has been killed and dressed for market, is 4 minutes 28 seconds, by Walter Dennison at Chicago, Aug. 18, 1892. It is over ten years since the above records have been equalled or beaten, and probably they will be in the proposed championship tournament for the "Police Gazette" trophy.—*Sunday News*, April 3.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—Seeing that there is very little prospect of a match being arranged between Billy Smith, of San Francisco, and George Dixon, of Boston, I would like to say that I will match Australian Billy Murphy against either George Dixon or Billy Smith, at 116 pounds. The contest to take place before the club offering the largest purse. Murphy is still the feather-weight champion, notwithstanding the fact that George Dixon holds the "Police Gazette" belt, which the Australian recently turned over to Mr. Fox, not that he was afraid to defend the title of champion, but for reasons best known to himself; as feather-weight champion Murphy was never defeated at the weight, 116 pounds. To show that we mean business we will agree to any purse that will suit Dixon or Smith, the winner to take every dollar of it. Failing to arrange a match with either of these men, Murphy is open to fight any 125-pound man in the world. All communications addressed to the POLICE GAZETTE will receive prompt attention.

CHARLES HORAN, Manager for Billy Murphy.  
Jack Everhart, the well-known light-weight pugilist of New Orleans, La., sends the following challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE:

NEW ORLEANS, April 7, 1893.  
RICHARD E. FOX—I am prepared to arrange a match to fight any man in America at 135 pounds for the largest purse offered. Or I will fight the winner of the Jack Burke and Andy Bowen contest, which takes place in the Olympic Club. A reply through the POLICE GAZETTE will receive prompt attention from my backer. Yours, JACK EVERHART.  
Everhart was born in New Orleans. He is 22 years of age, stands 5 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 133 pounds. He has defeated the following boxers: Mike Bennett, Houston, Tex., 4 rounds; John Donaldson, Little Rock, Ark., 7 rounds; Joe Fernandez, New Orleans, La., 3 rounds; Mike Thomas, Lafayette, La., 16 rounds; Dutch Nell, New Orleans, 3 rounds; Joe Biddle, Birmingham, Ala., 3 rounds; Jack Daley, Birmingham, Ala., 4 rounds; Jack Johns, Besmer, Ala., 6 rounds; Dick Harrison, Ensley, Ala., 3 rounds; Ike Parson, Birmingham, Ala., 3 rounds; Joe Oliver, New Orleans, La., 3 rounds; Frank Marselle, Birmingham, Ala., 4 rounds.

## THE BOWEN AND BURKE BATTLE.

Jack Burke, of Houston, Tex., and Andy Bowen fought in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La., April 6, for a purse of \$2,500, of which \$500 went to the loser and the light-weight championship of the south. Both men were in fine fettle and the battle proved to be a rattling one from the first. The weights were 133 pounds, light-weight limit. Burke entered the ring a fraction under the required weight, while Bowen weighed 131 pounds.

ROUND 1—Bowen landed his right several times and finally fought Burke into his corner.

ROUND 2—Both men landed good rights. Burke was allowed first blood, but was fought to the ropes with heavy right and left hands on the body.

ROUND 3—Burke scored a good left-hand punch on his opponent's nose, and drew away to avoid punishment. Burke was fought to the ropes and Bowen landed two heavy rights on the head.

ROUND 4—Burke landed a good punch on the head in this round, but got a similar hit in return. The men were fighting in a fair way, and the audience cheered lustily.

ROUND 5—Bowen landed several good rights and Burke clinched. Bowen had the better of the round.

ROUND 6—Burke landed a heavy left on the ear, but missed a heavy swing with his right.

ROUND 7—Referee Duffy cautioned Bowen for his foul fighting in the clinching in this round. It was still anyone's fight.

Nothing much was done in the eighth round, but in the ninth Bowen forced matters and scored a left on the head. In the 10th Burke landed heavily with his right, but he got a hot shot from his opponent in return.

Burke landed two good punches on Bowen's head in the 14th, and had the best of the round.

In the 15th and 17th both men fought hard, and the home man fought four several times.

Burke caught Bowen a right in the nose in the 18th, which was the hardest blow of the fight to this time.

In the 19th rounds were easy, but in the 20th Bowen received some hard raps in the face which staggered him.

In the 23d Bowen was knocked down in the corner and was floundered again later in the round. Burke had much the best of the fighting.

In the 24th little was done.

In the 26th and 27th rounds honors were easy. Burke was knocked down in the 28th.

After 110 rounds, lasting 7 hours and 19 minutes, Duffy, the referee, declared it no contest.

**CALL AND SEE US.**  
Our patrons who intend to come on to the Empire City to see the great Naval parade are cordially invited to call at the POLICE GAZETTE office and look at the many prize ring battle-flags and the best collection of sporting pictures in the world, including the largest portraits in existence of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, etc.

**Elegant Photographs of James Corbett, John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, also finished, cabinet size, 10 cents each.** The best and cheapest photographs of the great pugilists are at the back. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



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## SHOT AND KILLED HER ENEMY.

ALMA WOOTEN, A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL, KILLS MATTIE MOORE AT A DANCE IN ATLANTA, GA.



## HE HUGGED PRETTY GIRLS.

A CORONA, L. I., FARMER, WITH A MANIA FOR EMBRACING YOUNG AND HANDSOME WOMEN, LETS HIMSELF LOOSE IN NEW YORK CITY AND LANDS IN THE COOLER.



WILLIAM H. RHODES,  
A CITIZEN OF CUMBERLAND, MD., KNOWN AMONG  
HIS FRIENDS AS TRAMP RHODES.



HENRY C. GARRISON,  
FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HE HAS BEEN AN OFFICER  
OF GLOUCESTER COUNTY, N. J.

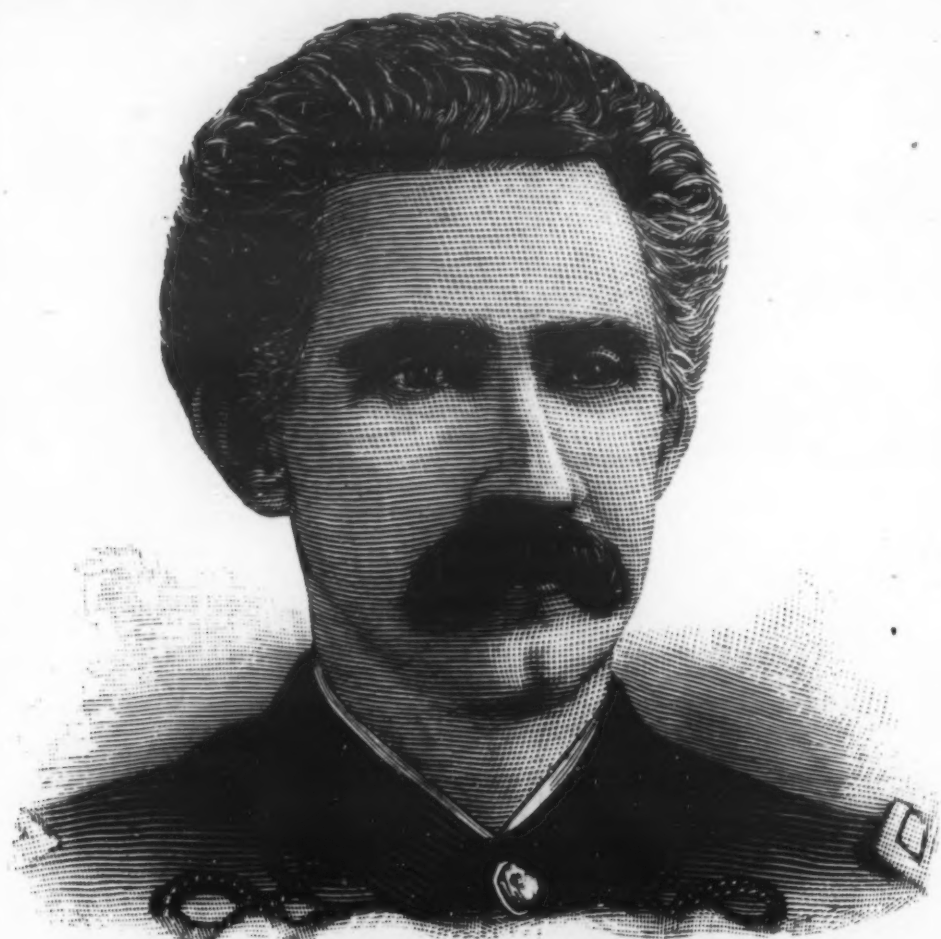




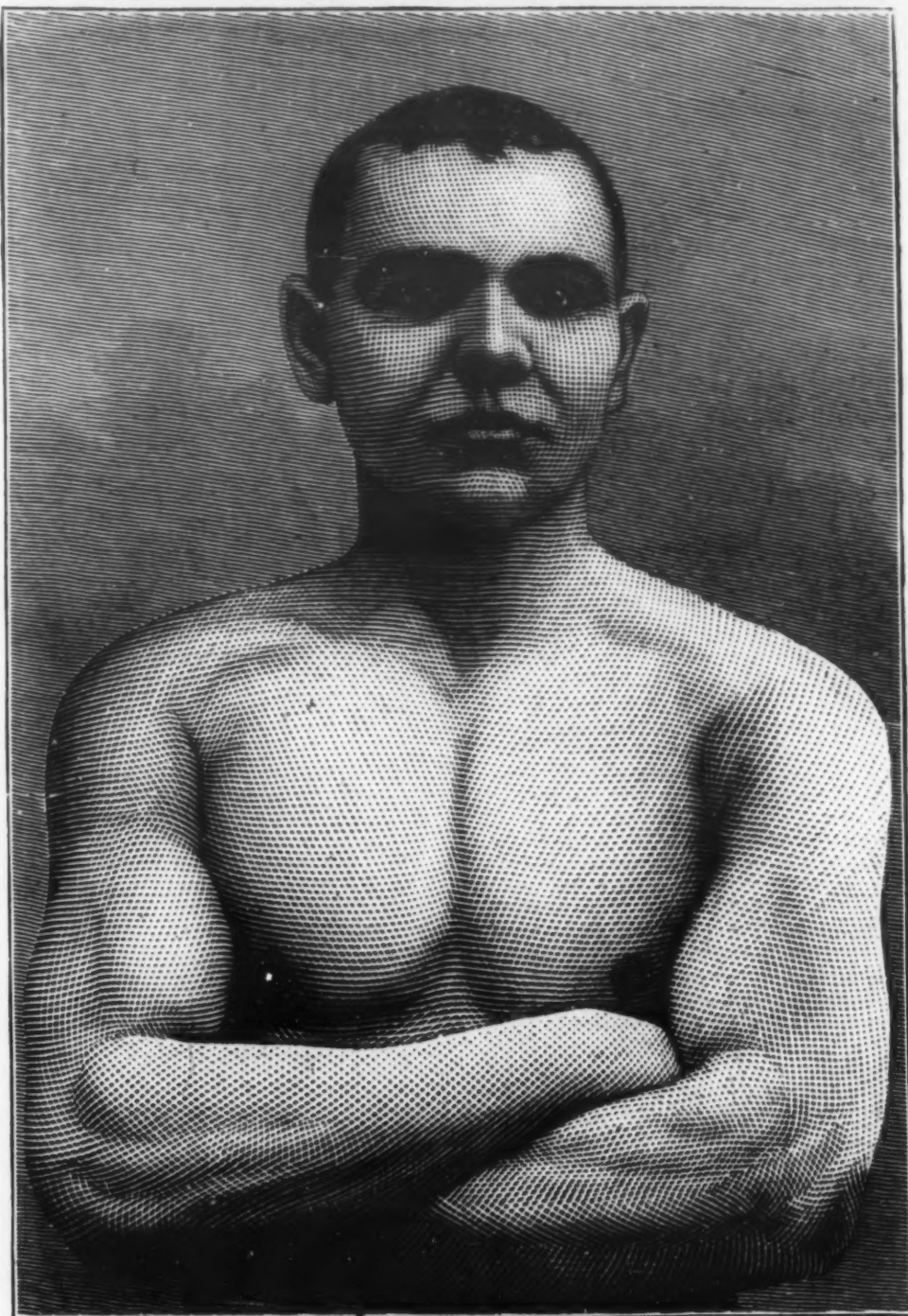




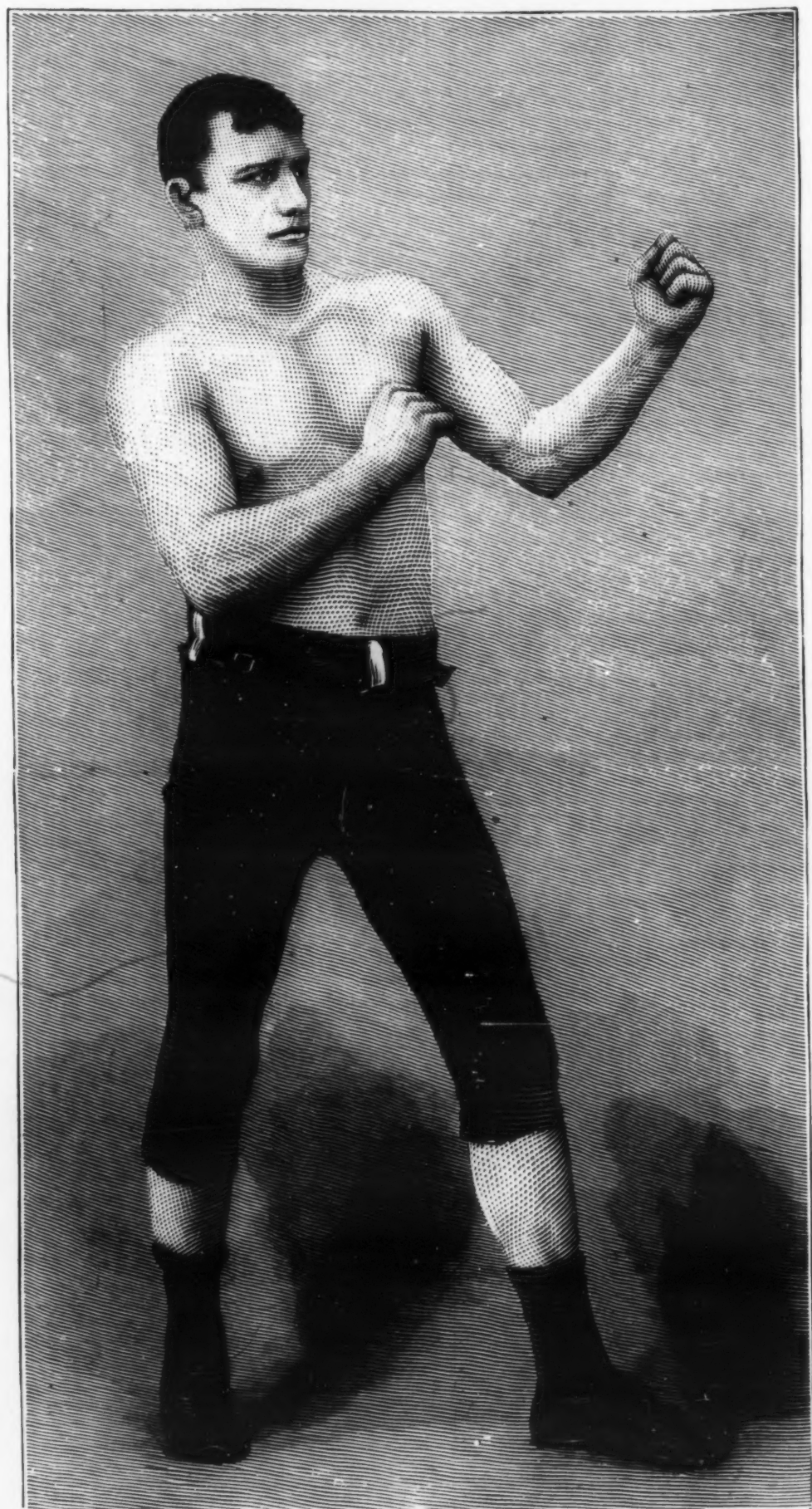




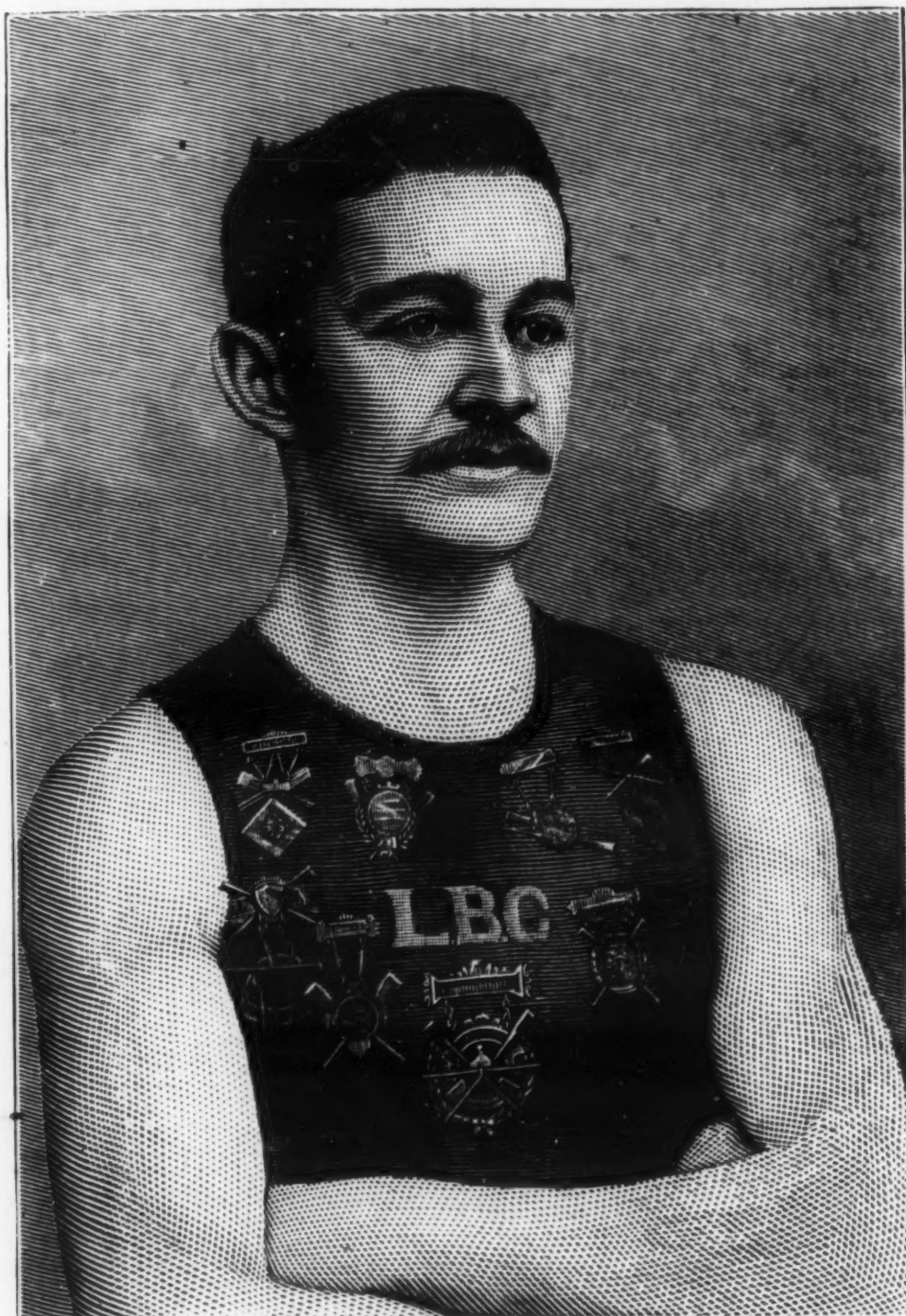
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THE FAMOUS SWORDSMAN OF KANSAS CITY, WHO HAS REPEATEDLY ISSUED  
CHALLENGES TO MEET ANY MAN IN THE WORLD.



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WEIGHT IN THE STATE OF COLORADO.



JAMES MCCOY.  
A WELL-KNOWN AND CLEVER PUGILIST OF PITTSBURGH, PA., WHO IS READY  
TO FIGHT ANY MAN HIS WEIGHT IN AMERICA.



JAMES SWAN.  
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**22 Girls Want Correspondents.** If you want to marry or get funny letters send 10 cents for list of Twenty-two Girls who will write to you. Address Lock Draw 3, Montclair, N. J.

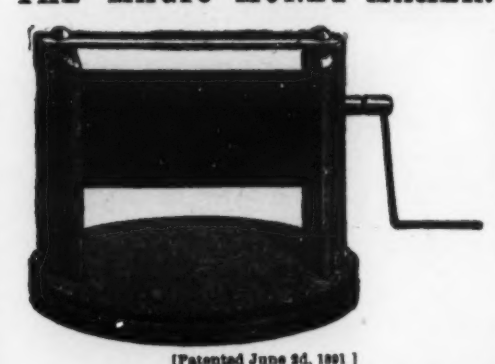
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**R-Erythroxylon coca, 1/4 drachm.**  
**Jerubeb, 1/4 drachm.**  
**Helenias Diolca, 1/4 drachm.**  
**Gelsemin, 1 grain.**  
**Ext. ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.**  
**Ext. lepidandra, 2 scruples.**  
**Glycerin, q. s.** Mix.

Take 20 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 40 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 5 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on  
**NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,**  
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Men who suffer from the effects of disease, overwork, worry, from the follies of youth or the excesses of manhood, from unnatural drains, weakness or lack of development of any organ, failure of vital forces, unfitted for marriage, all such men should "come to the fountain head" for a scientific method of marvellous power to vitalize, develop, restore and sustain. We will mail WITHOUT CHARGE IN A PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE a little pamphlet that TELLS IT ALL. Nothing sent unasked; no exposure, no deception. Address,

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Correspondence solicited from men suffering from loss of sexual power from any cause. We prescribe no quackery, but will delight you with results. All who have become despondent through failures of disreputable quacks, are especially invited to write us. Under reasonable and honorable conditions remedies furnished free until cured. You give the facts and leave the rest to us. Gonorrhea, Seminal losses, Loss of Power, Stunted Organs, easily and speedily cured and restored.

Address in perfect confidence,

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**SYPHILIS, RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA,**

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I have cured thousands and can cure thousands more of emissions, lost manhood, nervous debility, loss of memory, dizziness, varicocele, and from all causes. Don't be deceived by frauds. I will send FREE a prescription that cured me. Address with stamp.

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Nightly Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Shrunken Organs and Lost Manhood Caused by Self Abuse. Means Early Decay and Death. **Positively I Have a Cure Which Never Fails.** Send for a FREE Trial Bottle. Address **J. W. JEWELL, Box 1409, Jackson, Mich.**

**MEN ONLY.** Do not throw away your money by receiving packages C. O. D. I will send you a recipe free that cured me of **Lost Manhood, Errors of Youth, &c.** Send 6 cents for expenses.

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Mention POLICE GAZETTE.

## FREE! I WILL SEND (SEALED)

free, a receipt that will develop small Shrunken Parts, which cured me of Self-Abuse, Nightly Emissions, etc. Address **H. D. Edwards, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

**THE** is over with spoon and syringe! We guarantee cure of Gonorrhea and Gleet. Strictly true impossible. Write for pamphlet, or call at INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 40 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York.

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and particulars of new unfailing scientific cure for abuse, emissions, nervous debility, lost vigor, varicocele. Sent free. **ACON MED. CO., Washington, D.C.**

**Quick Cure** for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Whites, &c. Powerful, harmless, purely vegetable, gelatin coated pills. Secure from observation. \$1 by mail, sufficient to cure. **PURTO MED. CO., 164 South St., N. Y.**

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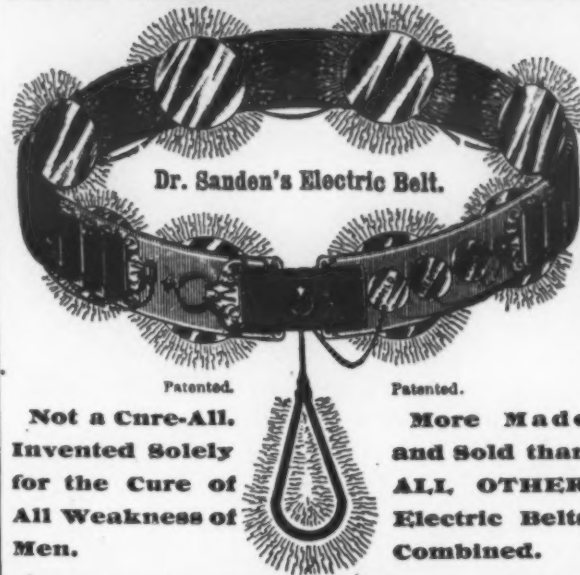
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We guarantee our patent Improved Electric Suspensory to ENLARGE SHRUNKEN OR UNDEVELOPED ORGANS, or no pay. In short, we faithfully promise to give every buyer the crowning triumph in medico-electrical science, and have placed the price within the means of every sufferer. Every young, middle-aged and old man should

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Effects of self-abuse removed. Emissions stopped. Lost Manhood Cured, and Manly Vigor and FULL DEVELOPMENT GUARANTEED. For One Dollar I mail a sealed box of MAGNETINE, a Harmless preparation for external use, also a GUARANTEE, stating if certain parts (or organs) are not enlarged, SEXUAL POWER increased and Emissions stopped, return the guarantee, and I will positively refund \$1.00. I have advertised in this paper for FIVE years, I have thousands of testimonials, and GUARANTEE satisfaction. If you are a member, I charge only \$1.00, and give a Guarantee, while many doctors charge from \$5 to \$50 without a Guarantee. I mail MAGNETINE all over the world. Address **Geo. Yates, Box 54, Jersey City, N. J.**

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YOUTHFUL IMPUDENCE (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEPRESSIVE SLEEPS, HEADING AND TART, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK, RAGE, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

**ALL MEN** young and old, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.

**A LINGERING DEATH.** The reward of their ignorance and folly, causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of insane asylums.

**FAILURE IN BUSINESS** and the RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.

**WILL YOU BE ONE MORE** numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept

and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INVALUABLE WORK AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

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## WEAK-MAN Cure Yourself IN Fifteen Days.

I will send FREE to any man the prescription of a new and positive remedy to enlarge small weak organs, and sure cure for all weakness in young or old men. Cures cases of Lost Manhood, Emissions, and Varicocele in 15 days; disease never returns. Correspondence confidential; all letters sent in plain sealed envelope.

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**MEN CURED FREE**

Lost Vigor, Varicocele, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Small or Shrunken Organs Enlarged, and all other impediments to marriage removed by Dr. J. E. Gaus's Remedy. They restored me and I will send the prescription [sealed] free to any one.

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**MEN BE FREE**

We send the marvelous French Remedy **CALTHOS** free and a legal guarantee that **CALTHOS** will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhoea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor.

Use it and pay if satisfied.

Address, **VON MOHL CO.,**  
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Manhood restored. Small, weak organs enlarged. Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess cured. Never returns. I will gladly send (sealed) FREE to all sufferers a receipt that cured me of these troubles.

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## PILES ELECTROBOLE

gives quick relief, cures in a few days. Never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository, no indelicacy. Mailed free. Address, **J. H. KEEVES, Box 320, New York City, N. Y.**

FREE! I will send (sealed) free a receipt that will develop small shrunken parts which cured me of Self-Abuse, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, etc. Enclose stamp. Address **F. C. HENRY, Box 573, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

## LADIES! PILLS Dr. LaVioir

Scalped \$1. **W. H. REED & CO., 75 State St. Chicago, Sole U. S. Agts.**

**Macqueen's Matico Injection.** A preventive, and specific cure for Gonorrhea, Gleet and all urinary troubles, without the unpleasant results from swallowing nauseous medicines. Price, \$1. All druggists.

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